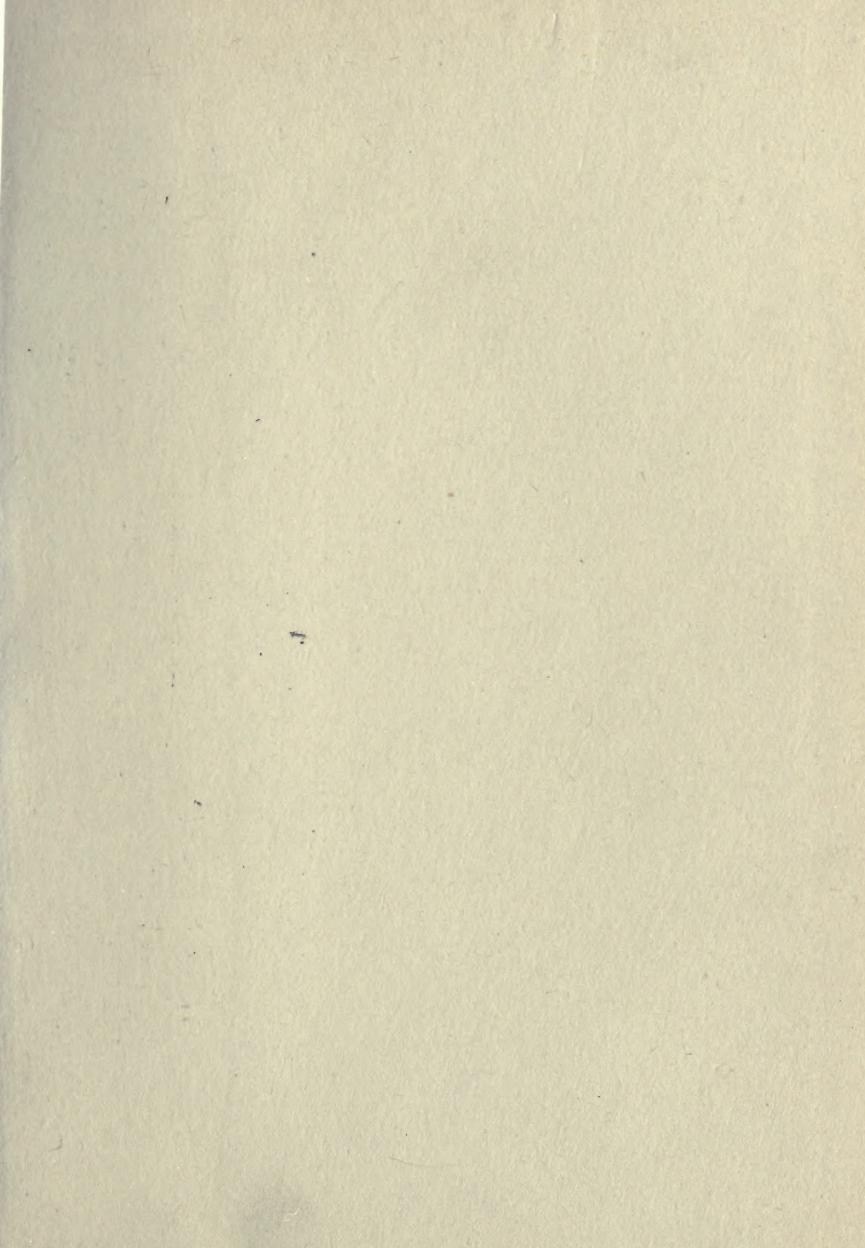


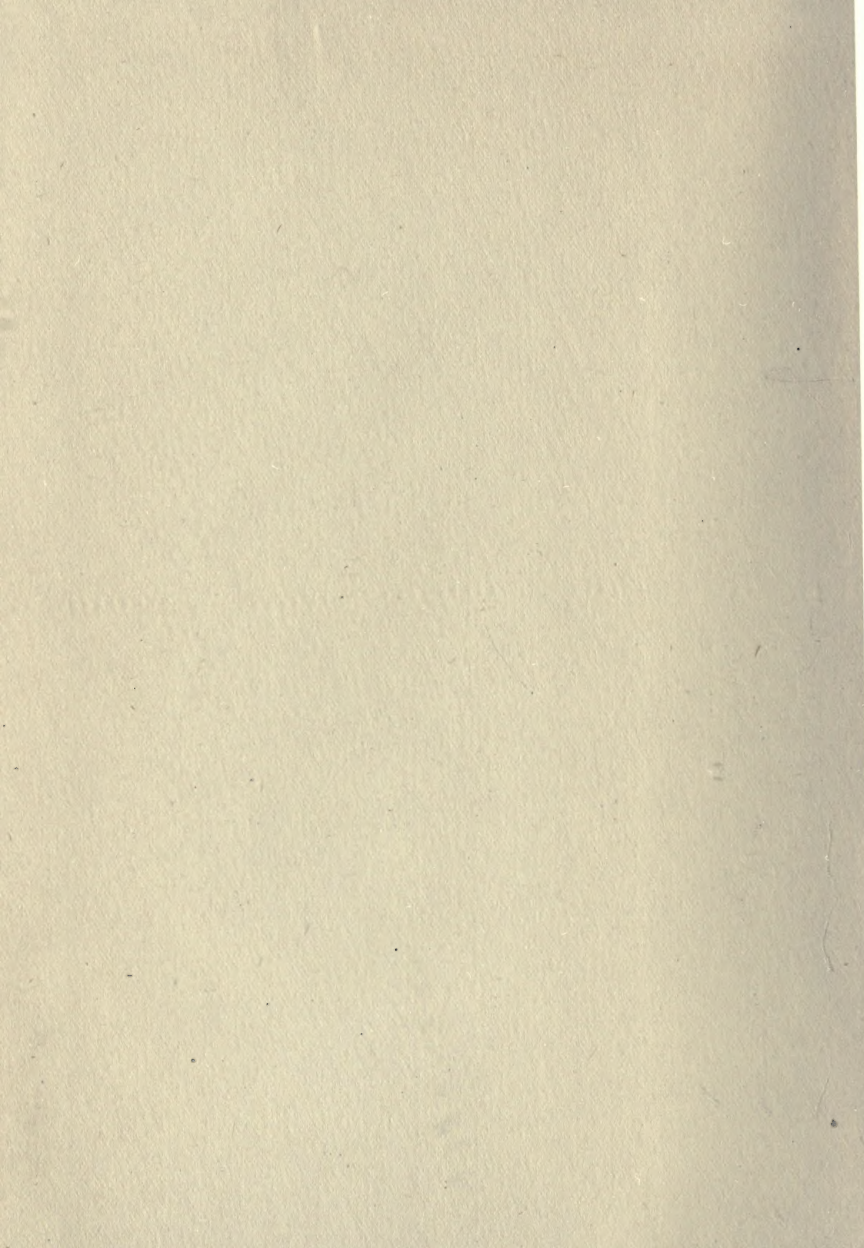
A GARDEN  
BY THE SEA  
AND OTHER POEMS

L. A. LEFEVRE










A GARDEN BY THE SEA

*and other Poems.*



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BY THE SEA

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

L. A. LEFEVRE.

LONDON :

ARTHUR L. HUMPHREYS,

187 PICCADILLY, W.

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A GARDEN  
BY THE SEA  
AND OTHER VERSES



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ARTHUR J. HUMPHREYS  
BY



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To J. M. L.

## A Garden by the Sea.

**O**N high grey cliffs uplifted,  
A garden by the sea  
Is smiling in the sunshine,  
And softly sings to me.

The roses chant in rapture  
Their madrigals apart,  
The lilies hymn the moonlight  
That lingers in their heart ;

The violets caressing  
Their mother earth, sing low  
The cradle songs she taught them  
In Eden long ago.

The humming-birds, whose kisses  
A thousand loves may claim,  
Through sun and shade are flashing,  
In darts of lyric flame.

And when the wind of ocean  
A song of Freedom sings,  
Its harp the swaying pine-trees,  
The flying spray its wings,—

## A GARDEN BY THE SEA.

My soul exults in wonder  
As sweeping from the sea,  
There comes the joy and triumph  
Of that great symphony !

But when the stars of twilight  
The fragrant dusk illumine,  
And Memory's tender dirges  
Drift softly through the gloom,—

When bathed in sunset splendour,  
The snow-crowned mountains rise,  
Like some great Altar soaring  
In glory to the skies,—

Oh! then I know my garden  
Is but a pathway spread,  
Whereon the feet of angels  
Perchance may deign to tread,—

Perchance may lead me upward  
Where now in dreams I dare  
To lay my Songs unworthy  
Before the Presence there.



## Kings and Shepherds

*'And seeing the Star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.'*

**T**URN ye to God, oh Nations worn with war !  
The clamour of the battlefield is still,  
The lingering echoes of the Christmas bells  
Chime yet of peace to all men of goodwill.  
Pray ye to Him His Star of Faith to send  
To guide the kings, the shepherds, once again ;  
No peace is ours until the angels bring  
His message to the warring hearts of men.

Stand firm and true, oh ye who strove in vain  
To quench the spark of war ere yet its glow  
Broke lurid on the world—who fought its blaze  
With fiercer fire, and laid its ashes low.  
Guard still undimmed by vengeance or by hate  
The stainless lustre of the arms ye wield,  
To God alone the victory, the praise,  
His Truth, His Justice, were your sword and shield !

Seek Him in fear, oh, ye who lit the flame !  
Unloose the robber hands that grasp your prey ;  
Repair the evil done, make good the wrong,  
And set your feet upon the upward way.

## KINGS AND SHEPHERDS.

Can ye not see, who have His name profaned,  
The storm-clouds of His wrath around ye draw?  
Seek Him in fear, in penitence and prayer,  
Ye who in pride have sinned against His law.

Raise, raise your eyes, oh ye who count your gains,  
Who feast and play, forgetting Him on high,  
Your treasured gold is dimmed by widow's tears,  
Through all your music sounds the orphans' cry.  
War, Famine, Pestilence—a world of woe!  
And still your laughter mocks a patient Heaven,  
Oh, fools and blind! Ye dream there is no God—  
Arise, atone—and be your sins forgiven!

Cry unto Him, oh peoples mad with hate,  
Who slay your brothers with the foeman's sword,  
Who tear your tyrant rulers from their place  
And set aloft a wild and murderous horde.  
Not so, not so shall Freedom reign on earth!  
Still are ye slaves who serve a mob's decree,  
Cast off your chains! the night of gloom will pass,  
Follow the Star, its light shall set you free!

Turn ye to God, oh Nations worn with war,  
His voice alone can bid the tumult cease,  
Before Him now lay down your pride and pain,  
Give Him your hearts, and He will give you  
Peace.

## KINGS AND SHEPHERDS.

Behold! To-day the Wise Men seek the Child!  
His Truth, His Innocence—how fair they shine!  
Oh, Kings and Shepherds kneeling at His feet,  
Teach us your Brotherhood in Love divine!



## The Angelus.

**O**H, Blesséd Maid! amidst the throng,  
The pride of power and place,  
The world can scarcely pause to see  
The rapture of thy face,  
Or hear the voice of Gabriel  
Who hailed thee 'full of grace.'

Yet still the happy bells proclaim  
That blesséd thou shalt be,  
And Saints and Seraphim bend low,  
God hath so honoured Thee,—  
Their glory dimmed before the light  
Of thy humility!

## Song.

**I** HAD no flower to send her  
    (Oh, Maid so still and white !)  
Till Love with blossoms tender  
    Came softly through the night,  
And veiled in liliated splendour  
    She vanished from my sight.

I had no song to greet her,  
    (Oh, Spirit far and free !)  
Till Love on music sweeter  
    Than earthly strains may be  
Upbore my soul to meet her,  
    And gave her back to me !

## Inheritance.

CHILD of the mountain snows  
New-fallen from heaven to earth,  
The raindrop whispers to the rose  
The secret of its birth.

Borne by the wind and tide  
From its ancestral place,  
The forest seed uplifts in pride  
The stature of its race.

Far from the sun, its sire,  
By primal forces hurled,  
Each planet guards the mirrored fire  
Whose glory lights the world.

Born of the Breath Divine,  
And Love's immortal flame,  
Why doubt and fear, oh, Soul of mine,  
Forgetful whence you came!

## The Poetry of Earth.

*'The Poetry of Earth can never die.'--KEATS.*

**M**OURN not, oh, mortals! that ye hear no more  
My voice amidst the tumult of the day;  
Sigh not that I, unsought, have passed away,  
Or pine alone on some forgotten shore.

'Once strayed the nymph,' ye say, 'o'er earth's green  
hills,  
The fair enchantress of a golden age,  
Enshrined in dreams of lover, saint, and sage,  
Through all the past her magic music thrills.

'But we have said farewell to her sweet face,  
Her songs of grief and triumph, love and fate;  
Alas! now she has left us desolate,  
And Mammon's voice rings through the market-  
place!'

Be comforted, my children—I am here!  
Yet not as once, with vesture fluttering free,  
To wander down the vales of Arcady,  
Or sing to Pan's glad piping, soft and clear;



## THE POETRY OF EARTH.

But with ye still amidst the surging crowd,  
The roar of traffic and the swinging bales,  
The winds of Heaven, where Commerce spreads  
her sails,  
My songs of world-wide Empire chant aloud !

Think not I dwell apart, beyond your ken,  
While through your streets Life's myriad echoes  
roll,  
The anthem of the Toiler's steadfast soul,  
The mighty music of the march of men !

My voice the secrets of the Future sings,  
To Nature's hidden haunts I lead the way,  
Take ye my hand—earth, sea, and air obey,  
New Force undying glows, and Thought has wings !

Mourn not, oh, faithful hearts that hold me dear !  
In hopes and dreams, in deeds ye do and dare,  
In star-lit skies, in Childhood, Love, and Prayer,  
Amidst ye still my spirit lingers here !

## Venice, 1917.

### I.

VENICE, awake! The foe is at thy gate!  
Hear'st thou the thunder of his guns afar?  
See'st thou the fury and the flame of war  
That threaten now thy glory and thy state?  
Behold! thy sons who strive to shield thee wait  
To guard thy treasures, lest despoilers mar  
The jewels that enshrine thee as a star,  
And leave thee stricken, sad, and desolate.

Shall these thy palace walls whose mirrored gleam  
In radiance flashes on the sunlit air,  
These holy spires whose fragile traceries seem  
Through mists of morning to uplift a prayer—  
Shall Venice fall and vanish like a dream  
Amidst the havoc of a world's despair?

## VENICE, 1917.

### II.

I hear the cannon thunder in the West,  
I see the clouds of war, but in my place  
Unmoved I stand who saw Attila's face  
And feared him not, amidst mine islands blest.  
Still am I Venice, Mistress, Queen confessed!  
Though tower and palace fall and leave no trace,  
And my fair Campanile's slender grace  
Drop like a lily from my wounded breast.  
Though sculptured stone and jewelled shrine be riven,  
And from my hand the ring and sceptre hurled,  
Still am I Queen, for unto me was given  
Art, Poetry, and Freedom's flag unfurled—  
I cannot die while men still dream of Heaven,  
And God's reflection, Beauty, lights the world!

## The Bridge of Peace.

STEADFAST we stood, for we had feared to see  
Above the murky depths of war and gloom,  
Some flowery path miraged on mists of death  
To lure the world, unwary, to its doom.  
Long had we gazed into that dread abyss  
Which hid our dearest, bravest, from our sight.  
And prayed that He who is the Way should guide  
Our steps through grief and darkness to the light.

Behold! He sends His angel, laurel-crowned,  
The Builder, Peace. With labour grave and wise,  
Justice and Truth she lays secure and deep,  
Beneath her feet their strong foundations rise ;  
Her hand has set the arch of Freedom high,  
The gulf of bitter hate and loss to span—  
We pass victorious to a world new-born,  
The reign of Right, the Brotherhood of Man!



## At Twilight.

### *Cradle Song.*

OH, sleep, my babe, 'tis daylight's close,  
The golden west with sunset glows,  
And faintly droops the drowsy rose—  
Sleep, my darling, sleep.

With tender coo the night-bird grieves  
In dusky woods, where twilight weaves  
Pale shadows o'er the trembling leaves—  
Sleep, my darling, sleep.

Now soon no light, no sound shall be  
But silent stars and slumbrous sea,  
And mother singing low to thee,  
Sleep, my darling, sleep.

## Night.

**T**HROUGH brooding darkness of the tranquil  
hours,  
When Nature wraps the world in gentle sleep,  
I wander through the sweet, dew-laden flowers  
Of a deserted garden, hidden deep  
Within the bounds of forest solitude,  
An old-world pleasaunce wild with tangled bloom,—  
Too fair a scene for melancholy mood  
Save when night comes with peace and tender gloom.

The flowers that glowed through hours of sunshine  
here  
Now veiled in wavering shadows fairer grow,—  
Dim ghosts of blossoms to my childhood dear  
That bloomed in magic gardens long ago.  
The fairy wand of moonlight weaves a spell  
The hidden spirit of the rose to woo,  
And wakes a soul within the lily's bell  
That trembles into life in tears of dew.

The willowed brook that chattered through the noon  
Is whispering now in dulcet tones and low,  
And tiny ripples mirror the young moon  
Enthroned above them on her clouds of snow,

## NIGHT.

The silver leaves are tremulous with light  
When fitfully the fragrant air is stirred,  
And softly sinking through the silent night  
Falls dreamy chirp of happy nested bird.

Oh, my Beloved ! this vigil starred with prayer  
Seems for a little space to bring thee near.  
The morn will come, yet never dawn so fair  
As this dim hour that holds thy spirit here.  
The flowers will glow, the woodlands smile again,  
The wild birds sing their carols to the sky,  
And my sad heart will wake to know its pain,  
Remembering thee, and happy days gone by.

## Requital.

**D**OWN floating through the rosy morning light  
The Days come one by one in long array :  
God's radiant Messengers to Man are they,  
Bearing His blessings earthward in their flight,—  
Contentment, Peace, fair Love, and Pleasure bright ;  
And some bring Pain, but whisper as they lay,  
The burden on our hearts, 'Another Day  
Shall lift thy sorrow, first must come the night.'  
Alas! their shining raiment stained and dim,  
Our gentle guests through hours of folly sigh,  
Till sunset signals call them home to Him  
With trailing wings that sweep the twilight sky.  
Oh, Night! fall fast to hide the wounds they bear,—  
Sin, crimson-dyed grey Doubt, and dark Despair.



## Imprisoned.

WITHIN, a panic-stricken throng  
That sudden fear appals,  
In blindest fury crashing fast  
Wide doors to rigid walls,  
A wild fierce struggle, life or death,  
Each holding ground with gasping breath  
Until the weaker falls,—  
Each inch of room a battle-field  
Where one exults and one must yield.

Without, the boundless earth and air,  
The depths of starry space,  
Vast oceans that the strong white moon  
Uplifts to her embrace,  
Free winds of heaven blowing light,  
Far planets wheeling through the night  
To their appointed place,—  
Marvels unseen to captives there,  
Imprisoned by their own despair.

Within the gloomy walls of doubt  
Fierce factions wage their war,  
Fair Hope lies slain when they have set  
Negation's iron bar.

## IMPRISONED.

Pent in their narrow bounds they cry,  
'No stars, no sky,—we struggle, die,  
And know not why we are.'  
Oh, self-immured! Ye cannot see?  
Stand back! the children shall be free!

Stand back! From out your trampling feet  
The young, the pure shall rise,  
Their lips still breathe in trust and love  
The prayer your pride denies,  
Their hands still clasp the cherished flowers  
Of faith that bloomed in happier hours  
Beneath your childhood's skies,—  
For these, for these no prison bars,  
Whose souls unfettered seek the stars!

## To my Mother.

**M**OTHER and friend! Oh! spirit brave and fine,  
Who still seems near me as the years unroll,  
Alas! thy memory brings one grief of mine  
No time can heal, no thought of thee console,—  
That I, made blind by youth, could not divine  
Whence came the strength and sweetness of thy  
soul.

Beloved! I cannot reach thee where thou art,  
Life's voices call,—I go where they command,  
And following in thy path, the years apart,  
I find the flowers once clasped within thy hand,—  
I feel the thorns once hidden in thy heart,—  
Too late I know,—too late I understand!

## Inspiration.

**A**LARK sprang up to greet the dawn  
Close to a rose one day,  
The tears upon her glowing cheek,  
His light wing brushed away.  
Her fragrant beauty fresh and fair  
He kissed in passing by,  
And wove her name into his song  
Of rapture in the sky.

The lonely rose sighed, 'Oh, my love,  
I cannot follow thee,  
Far, far above in golden light  
Thou hast forgotten me.  
Yet am I blest for evermore,  
Though but an instant dear,  
Thou singest now a sweeter song  
For all the world to hear!'



## Music.

**T**HERE is a world that all around us lies,  
Elusive, dim, and yet so near, so near,  
We tremble on its verge in hope and fear  
Of unimagined things past all surmise.  
Beyond the spectrum's sheaf of rainbow dyes  
What unseen splendours stream around us here!  
What harmonies too fine for mortal ear  
Thrill through the silence of unconscious skies!

Comes Music with her mystic aureole,  
And brings the freedom that our dreaming knows,  
Insistent storms the prison of the soul,  
Flings wide its gates—and, lo! ere yet they close,  
We see thro' viewless space the æons roll,  
And hear the sweet, mute message of the rose.

## Song of the St. Lawrence.

**D**EEP in the silent forest shades or caverns dark  
as night

A thousand streams steal into life like threads of  
silver light,—

No birth obscure from trickling springs is mine  
whose mighty flow

Was cradled on the royal breast of broad Ontario.

From glorious lakes my spirit takes its freedom and  
its power,

And gifts of beauty wild and sweet are mine by  
right and dower,

Crowned with a heritage sublime my waves serenely  
roll,

The noblest river earth can claim from frozen pole  
to pole.

For softly may the Danube pass by city, bridge, and  
town,

And calm by ancient castled crags the Rhine go  
winding down,

And slowly glide o'er shallows wide the Mississippi's  
stream,

And flash the rushing Amazon where the jungle  
flowers gleam,—

## SONG OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

But mingling in my breast I bear in triumph to the  
    sea  
The majesty and strength I drew from Huron grand  
    and free,  
The wild blue waves of Erie and Niagara's shining  
    spray,  
And the smile of bright Ontario beneath the morning  
    ray.

And strewn like sparkling jewels upon me in my  
    pride  
A thousand fairy isles are softly mirrored in my tide,  
Till the foam of rushing rapids weaves a snowy veil  
    of mist  
To cool my glowing waters that the summer sun has  
    kissed.

Then onward calmly flowing and widening evermore  
The dim Laurentian mountains keep guard upon my  
    shore,  
Where the cold salt breath of Ocean speeds the sea-  
    gull on his way  
To meet thy gloomy surges, mysterious Saguenay.

There all around me murmurs of the mighty past  
    arise,  
The sound of vast upheavals, and the strange dis-  
    cordant cries

## SONG OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Of beast and bird departed, and the groans of riven  
rock  
That in thunder falls asunder beneath the earthquake  
shock.

Oh, Canada! the omen take to cheer thee on thy  
way  
And spur thy noblest effort to lead the van to-  
day,—  
First-born from fiery chaos in Nature's awful throes,  
First heralds of the nations thy mountain peaks  
arose!

So may'st thou stand forever in Freedom's holy light,  
The first to conquer error and the first to guard the  
right,  
Through all the centuries to come I see thy glory  
shine,  
I see thy calm fulfilment of a destiny divine.

The sails that gleam upon my tide will teach the  
world to know  
The Flag of Canada where'er the winds of heaven  
blow,  
And as the olive-branch that once the dove of  
promise bore,  
So shall the Maple Leaf be hailed on many a distant  
shore.

## SONG OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

And proudly still beside thee shall my crystal waters  
roll,  
Bearing rich freights of garnered wealth to seek their  
distant goal,  
The overflowing plenty of thy prairies' golden grain  
To give the weary nations fresh heart and hope again.

But now while lingering tenderly around my sunny  
isles,  
I dream of what thy fate shall be and ripple into  
smiles,  
For deep within the glowing hues reflected in my  
breast  
I see the glorious future of the land I love the best.

From these clear depths the lily-buds in sudden  
radiance start,  
So shall the flower of genius awake within thy heart,  
And when its snowy leaves unfold in majesty serene,  
Art shall enshrine thy beauty, and thy Poets crown  
thee Queen!

And countless millions of thy sons shall shower at  
thy feet  
Rich gifts of love and laurels, but my voice is low  
and sweet,  
O Canada! my song is thine, and long as Time  
shall be,  
My waters murmuring thy name shall flow into the sea.



## A Daughter's Voice.

**H**IGH within thy Council Chamber, compassed  
by the cares of State,

Canst thou hear our voices calling, Mother England,  
at thy gate?

Far across the world we sought thee, swift to gather  
round thy Throne,

We who may not pass the portal that is closed  
against thine own.

Not as beggars empty-handed wait we by thy palace  
wall,

Craving crumbs of kindly phrases flung from out  
thy banquet-hall,

Not as children lightly heeded, but as Queens who  
seek thy grace,

Robed with Freedom, crowned with Empire,  
Daughter Nations of thy race.

Hear me, Mother! I have led them, these my  
Sisters, from afar.

Royal are the gifts we bring thee, fruits of peace  
and spoils of war,

## A DAUGHTER'S VOICE.

Bounteous harvests, golden treasure, wealth of forest,  
mine, and sea,

Power and fame and wide dominion, we have won  
them all for thee.

Love and loyalty unswerving—hast thou learned to  
know their worth?

Aye, for these have brought thee glory from the  
ends of all the earth ;

‘ Who shall aid thee ? ’ mocked the nations, but their  
jeering lips were dumb

When around the world in thunder rolled the  
answering cheer, ‘ We come ! ’

Wilt thou gaze afar, my Mother? Fairest Canada,  
mine own,

Gives to thee a daughter's welcome, grace and favour  
thine alone ;

Strong and steadfast rise the ramparts I have built  
by land and sea,

Guarding well my craftsmen's labours, keeping safe  
my marts for me—

Wouldst thou enter? Lo, they crumble as the  
mists before the sun !

They shall vanish in the noontide of the glorious  
day begun,

When the Queens shall trace together the vast  
bounds of Loyal Kin,

Giving friendship to the stranger, giving love to all  
within.

## A DAUGHTER'S VOICE.

O'er the famous Road of story Cæsar's legions, out-  
ward hurled,  
Swept in triumph home returning with the spoils of  
half the world—  
Youth was mine and strong endeavour, and avow  
was mine to keep,  
I would build a nobler Highway, it should stretch  
from deep to deep!  
Sullen foes have watched the footsteps of thy sons  
who come and go,  
Alien banners flaunted o'er them, snares and pitfalls  
spread below—  
I have hewed the path of Empire, I have linked the  
East and West,  
And thy children pass rejoicing, 'neath the flag they  
love the best.

Fairer than the paths Elysian trod by poets in their  
dreams  
Winds the Way that they shall follow down the  
clear Canadian streams,  
Past the sea of amber cornfields where my prairie  
flowers bloom,  
O'er the mountain's snowy rampart and the canyon's  
purple gloom,  
By the verge of foaming torrents, by the gleam of  
golden sands,  
Down the slope of flushing orchards, through the  
peaceful meadow lands,

## A DAUGHTER'S VOICE.

Till a magic City rises from the blue Pacific's shore,  
Where the Lions of Vancouver guard my Gate for  
evermore.

We who forged the links of Empire, shall our hands  
not weld the chain?

We who wide the seed have scattered, shall we  
gather not the grain?

Canst thou still deny our birthright who but ask  
thy toil to share,

Who would bring our love to lighten all the burdens  
thou must bear?

Must we stand without, unheeded, while thy rulers  
guide thy fate?

We have met the foe beside thee—shall we linger at  
thy gate?

May we know not of thy danger till our swords  
must make reply?

Shall we live not for thy glory, we who for thy sake  
can die?

Empire? We have held it for thee. Freedom?  
It is ours and thine.

Britain's honour? We have borne it through the  
shot-swept battle line.

Wisdom, Knowledge? We have won them from  
the heart of many lands.

Strength and Union? Shall we take them, Queen  
of Nations, from thy hands?

## A DAUGHTER'S VOICE.

Are we of thy race, oh Mother? Call thy Daughters  
to thy side!

Answer! Have we proved us worthy? Throw thy  
Council Chamber wide!

Let us guard the Right together through the  
centuries to be,

Love to aid us, God to guide us, each for each, and  
all for thee.



## A Dream of Roses.

**I** DREAM, Beloved, of a deep red rose  
Whose beauty full in the sunlight glows ;  
Who breathes in fragrance her life away  
Through the rapturous noon of a summer's day,  
Till her proud heart breaks, she has given all !  
And her petals in passionate splendour fall,  
And her life outpours in a crimson rain  
At the foot of the Sun-god, loved in vain—  
In vain, as I love thee.

I dream, Beloved, of a pale wild rose  
That droops when the shadows of evening close,  
And sadly mourns 'neath the twilight sky  
For the breeze she loves who has passed her by.  
She sees where, far on the hillside there,  
He strays through the lilies so tall and fair,  
And she folds her leaves o'er her lonely heart  
As she weeps and sighs in her grief apart—  
Apart, as I from thee.

I dream, Beloved, of a snow-white rose  
That never the kiss of the sunlight knows,  
Yet its petals glow with a light divine—  
This flower of Love that is thine and mine.

## A DREAM OF ROSES.

It is pale with grief, it is crowned with tears,  
But its radiance shines through the endless years,  
And I know, Beloved, when all sorrow is past  
This fair dream-rose I shall gather at last—  
At last, in Heaven with thee!

## Give me thy Hand, Beloved.

*Song.*

**G**IVE me thy hand, Beloved,  
To gently clasp in mine,—  
Oh, soft and white! Oh, fairy light!  
This little hand of thine,—  
So frail to hold! yet every day  
So strong to guide my upward way.

Give me thy lips, Beloved,  
To teach me love divine,—  
Oh, crowning bliss, the tender kiss  
Of those dear lips of thine!  
Naught do I fear of pain or strife  
While they breathe blessing on my life.

Give me thy heart, Beloved,  
Of holy thoughts the shrine,  
Oh, gift supreme! Oh, heavenly dream  
To know that thou art mine!  
Through joy or sorrow yet to be,  
Thank God for Love, thank God for thee!

## Mavis.

**O**H, Mavis, awake and remember!  
Look out from your lattice and see!  
The world is awaiting your bridal,  
The earth, and the air, and the sea!  
The bright dawn before you is flinging  
Her jewels of sunlight and dew,  
And the joy in my heart, oh, my darling,  
Is singing a welcome to you!

Mavis, Mavis, Mavis!  
The birds are calling you, Sweet!  
The children are roaming the meadows  
For flowers to strew at your feet!  
The little grey church in the valley  
Is bright with the blossoms of May,  
And true is the heart of your lover  
Who waits for your coming to-day!

The earth from her deep heart has sent you  
The ring on your fair hand to shine,  
Your wreath the blue ocean has brought you  
From lands of the orange and vine,

## MAVIS.

Your white veil was woven by fairies  
From mists of the mountain and sea,  
And they wait for your waking, my darling,  
This morn that will give you to me!

Mavis, Mavis, Mavis!  
The birds are calling you, Sweet!  
The children are roaming the meadows  
For flowers to strew at your feet!  
The little grey church in the valley  
Is bright with the blossoms of May,  
And true is the heart of your lover,—  
Your lover for ever and aye!



## Hail and Farewell!

*(The wreck of the 'Beaver' lay near Vancouver within a short distance of the course of the SS. 'Empress of India. The 'Beaver' was the pioneer steamer of the Pacific Coast.)*

A BROKEN hulk, forlorn and lost am I,  
Above me frown the cliffs in ramparts high,  
Beneath, on rocky ledge,  
I stranded lie.

Around, the hungry waves await their prey;  
They surge above my head, and day by day  
I crumble as they steal  
My life away.

Yet not alone despoiled by wind and wave,  
But Man, whom I have served, disdains to save,  
And robs me as I sink  
Into my grave.

The seaweed damp and chill binds fast my breast,  
Yet deep below, in passionate unrest,  
There stirs a hope, a dream,  
Unknown, unguessed.

## HAIL AND FAREWELL.

At morn, when first the pallid daylight creeps  
Through clinging mists where soft the darkness sleeps,  
And faintly trembles down  
    To dusky deeps;

At noon, when clear and bright the waters spread,  
And Ocean scarcely moves to rock my bed,  
While droops the golden moss  
    Above my head;

At eve, when shadows fall and winds are free,  
And moaning surges call aloud for me  
To sink to sleep at last  
    Beneath the sea;—

Still, still I gaze afar ; I watch, I wait,  
Till, lo ! she comes, she comes in royal state  
And sweeps majestic through  
    The Lions' Gate !

Great Empress, proud, serene ! thine advent fleet  
Announced by herald echoes wild and sweet,  
The purple hills proclaim,  
    The vales repeat.

To my dull vision, from the world apart,  
Thou seem'st a miracle of magic art,  
Strange forces throb and glow  
    Within thy heart !

## HAIL AND FAREWELL.

Fair white Enchantress from the Orient sped !  
Its fragrance and its spice about thee shed,  
Still lingering incense breathe  
    Around thy head.

Above thy path the gleaming sea-gulls fly,  
Like mystic spirits weave in circles high  
A charm of waving wings  
    Against the sky !

I know thou dost not heed my dreary lot,  
Nor mark, in passing by, the lonely spot,  
Where desolate I lie,  
    By all forgot.

The Past am I, but yet thou canst not chide  
The worship thou hast won from ancient pride,  
Whose youth once challenged Fate  
    And Time defied.

For had I never crossed this western sea,  
Nor braved its wrath to find a path for thee,  
Where then thy stately grace  
    Secure and free?

The dawn of Science smiled upon my birth,  
And I, amidst these wilds, have proved her worth,  
Whose glory now is spread  
    Through all the earth.

## HAIL AND FAREWELL.

Through storm and calm I toiled for many a year  
While yet th' untrodden forest slumbered here,  
Of Progress, Faith, and Peace  
The Pioneer.

But now my work is done,—I sink to rest.  
Fair Empress! may the wave thou hast caressed  
In music murmur still  
Above my breast.

And when at midnight's hour thou drawest nigh,  
And softly through the mists that sleeping lie  
The star upon thy brow  
Is gliding by,

Oh! may its light that trembles o'er my tomb  
With dreams of thee steal downward through the  
gloom  
Where I beneath the sea  
Have found my doom.

## The Lions' Gate.

*(The two highest peaks of the mountains overlooking the harbour of Vancouver bear a strong resemblance in outline to the lions of Trafalgar Square.)*

**I**N the northern sky we calmly lie  
On guard by the western seas,  
Where the cliffs draw back from the narrow track  
Of the tide and the ocean breeze ;  
Stern and grim on the mountain's rim  
We crouch in our cloudy lair,  
Behind the veil of the snow-mist pale  
We are waiting and watching there.

When the foam flies fast as the gale rides past  
Outside on the rolling bay,  
Our challenge roars on the rocky shores  
At the foot of our ramparts grey,  
The waves retreat with a sullen beat  
For they dare not pass us by,  
And the Inlet's breast is a dream of rest  
Where the white sails folded lie.



## THE LIONS' GATE.

We calmly rise on the amber skies  
When the sun and the sea have kissed,  
And the glory fills all the circling hills  
That glow in a rainbow mist ;  
When the radiance falls on our granite walls  
And the purple peaks unfold,  
We fling to the sky from our fortress on high  
Cloud banners of crimson and gold.

And far below where the waters flow  
The stately ships sail through,  
For the fair surprise of a city lies  
Where the forest giants grew,  
She holds the key of an Empire free  
Whose glory has but begun,  
The nations meet at Vancouver's feet,  
The East and the West are one.

The sap that stirs in our mighty firs  
Fed by the northern dew,  
Though chilled by death, in carven wreath  
Shall bud and bloom anew—  
Barbaric kings when the bulbul sings  
Shall couch 'neath the polished beams  
Whose mossy mould once slowly rolled  
Down far Canadian streams.

## THE LIONS' GATE.

And deep within our forests dim  
The Spirit of Beauty dwells,  
Where the long moss sways thro' the woodland  
ways

O'er the foxglove's fairy bells,  
To the dawn she springs on the starry wings  
That were folded in darkness long—  
The glorious theme of the artist's dream,  
The soul of the poet's song!

We gaze afar to the last faint star  
Ere its light in the dawning dies,  
And a vision breaks ere the morn awakes  
To our clear and steadfast eyes—  
Like the flocking wings that the autumn brings  
When the seagulls gathering fly,  
To their haven of rest on the harbour's breast  
Shall the fleets of the world sweep by!

Through our open gate shall the land await  
The Orient's fragrant spoil,  
And the golden grain shall flow forth again  
From the heart of the sunlit soil,  
Forest and field their wealth shall yield  
To men who are strong and brave,  
And still on high in Canadian sky  
Shall the banner of Freedom wave.

## THE LIONS' GATE.

We sentry stand by Heaven's command  
At the portal of her sway,  
No threatening foe dare pass below  
While her Lions guard the way !  
Stern and grim on the mountain's rim  
We crouch in our cloudy lair,  
Behind the veil of the snow-mist pale  
We are waiting and watching there.

## Rondeau.

My Roses bloom.

‘MY roses bloom,’ Vancouver cries,  
‘No more beneath the winter skies!’  
As now in snowy raiment dressed,  
In playful mood, yet half-distressed,  
Her elder sister’s robe she tries ;

‘I know not in this cold disguise  
My glowing youth and joy,’ she sighs,  
‘No more by blue Pacific’s breast  
My roses bloom.’

Above, the soaring peak replies,  
‘Weep not, nor dim thy radiant eyes,  
I still must wear my snowy crest,  
But thou, the flowers thou lovest best.  
Cast off thy veil!—In sweet surprise  
Thy roses bloom!’

## Achievement.

### I.

‘**T**O-DAY,’ the statesman said, ‘the cause is won!’  
But rival cheers ring out ere set of sun.

‘At last,’ the soldier shouts, ‘Fame’s guerdon sweet  
Is mine!’—he lies beneath the victor’s feet.

‘Oh, joy,’ the sailor cries, ‘my native land!’  
The storm-waves dash him lifeless on the strand.

‘No fate,’ the lover breathes, ‘can part us now!’  
Cold is the kiss of Death upon her brow.

‘True hearts,’ the monarch said, ‘uphold my throne’—  
He pines in exile, friendless and alone.

‘Hearken,’ the poet sings, ‘a truth sublime’—  
The people’s plaudits crown a jester’s rhyme.

On through the ages still vain mortals press,  
Striving to grasp the glittering prize, Success,



## ACHIEVEMENT.

Or seeking in the dust that flower divine,  
True happiness, which never there shall shine.

He aims too low, his dreams too humbly range,  
Whose triumphs Death can mar, or Time can change.

### II.

'Farewell,' said one,—men deemed his life obscure,  
And mocked his simple faith and conscience pure—

'Farewell to Earth,' and smiled as Death drew near,  
Bearing the meed of all his labours here.

The fair fulfilment of each vision bright  
Whose radiance led him upward through the night,

Victory to him who fought through evil days,  
Fame to the faithful, to the toiler praise.

The Beauty that in Nature's smile he sought,  
The Truth he worshipped in his inmost thought,—

All these, oh, welcome Death! thy hand hath given  
To him whose soul in exile sighed for Heaven.

## ACHIEVEMENT.

Who dares the world despise, and guards apart  
The flower of love divine within his heart,

Yet closes not his ears to that great cry  
Sent up by suffering millions to the sky,

But stoops to raise his brother bowed with care,  
Binds up his wounds, and saves him from despair,—

He, conquering Self, shall know, the conflict past,  
All Joy, all Love, all Glory his at last.

## In Memoriam.

THE summer clouds drift slowly through the  
night,  
And in the early dawn their pearly gleams  
Flush pink and crimson in the coming light.

But when above the distant purple hills  
The first clear ray of piercing splendour streams,  
And the wide sky with instant glory fills,—

The faint clouds melt into the golden air,  
The tender, floating hues forever lost  
Vanish like dreams that fly we know not where.

So while this earthly night around us lies,  
And we like shadowy vapours idly tossed  
In the dim dawn across the changing skies

Drift thro' the world as fleeting as the clouds  
That in the wind-swept heavens come and go,—  
Torn in despair, or wrapped in stormy shrouds,

## IN MEMORIAM.

Rosy with hope, or grey with grief of years,  
In manhood's purple or in childhood's snow,  
Glowing with joy, or saddening into tears,—

Across our wayward path a piercing ray  
Flashed from the sword of Azrael, sudden gleams,  
And like the mists of morn we melt away.

Yet when a good man dies, not all in vain  
He silent fades from earthly hopes and dreams,—  
As laden clouds dissolve in gentle rain

That falling freshens every fainting flower,  
So by his death a thousand memories live,  
And those he loved and taught in youth's brief hour

Guard deep within their hearts the words of truth,  
The noblest counsels man to man can give,  
The pearl of faith, the innocence of youth,

Because he lived and died,—than this no praise  
Rings louder through the vault of Heaven above!  
No warrior falling, crowned with victor's bays,

No purpled monarch spreading conquest wide,  
No poet singing of a deathless love,  
No patriot worthy of his country's pride

## IN MEMORIAM.

Can win a loftier heritage of fame  
Than he who when he leaves this earthly sphere  
Leaves it a better world because he came,—

And this the noblest tribute we can pay  
The memory we love and all revere—  
Through him our hearts are nearer God to-day.



## The Call.

**T**HE Banners of the Nations  
Flash crimson, blue, and gold,  
Flung forth from every fortress,  
By every breeze unrolled,—  
And all within their keeping  
Their country's honour hold.

But one alone is flying  
Amidst the shot and shell  
To shield the weak and dying  
Who, sorely stricken, fell,—  
For wounded friend or foeman  
The Red Cross guardeth well.

And many a soldier lying  
Still living midst the dead,  
Sees dimly through the darkness  
A gleam of white and red,  
And feels the arm that bears it  
Uplift his weary head.

## THE CALL.

For friend or foe! No nation  
Can Mercy's task confine,  
Man's need his claim compelling  
Beneath this holy Sign,—  
The Cross of Hope enduring,  
The Cross of Love Divine.

The skies are clear above us,  
The sea is calm and blue,  
The gardens of our homeland  
Are fresh and fair to view,—  
But the fields of France are riven,  
And drenched with ghastly dew.

There sleep our Dead, and never  
To them our lips can say,  
'Oh, dearest lads and loyal,  
Our thanks are yours to-day!'  
No grateful words can reach them,  
No love their gift repay.

There comes a cry appealing,  
'Help! for our comrades fall  
Shattered and torn and blinded—  
Will ye not hear the call?  
These ye can aid and comfort,  
They live—yet gave their all!'

## THE CALL.

Oh, gallant men and splendid !  
Who smile amidst your pain,  
Stricken and maimed, yet turning  
To face the world again,—  
Can we forget while Justice,  
While Honour, Truth, remain ?

Oh, brave young lives whose anguish  
Hath paid the reckoning thrice,  
Who bear in pain and weakness  
The Cross of Sacrifice,—  
What can we give whose freedom  
Is bought at such a price ?

The gardens of our homeland  
With glowing flowers are gay,  
The mountains softly slumber  
In mists of blue and grey,—  
The white clouds drift above them,  
A dream of peace to-day.

*There comes a cry, a calling,—  
A voice from far away !*

## His Victory.

OH, happy mothers!—praising God  
For gallant sons and true,  
Whom He hath shielded through the strife,  
And given back to you,—  
I saw the radiance in your eyes  
When home your soldiers came,  
Yet in my loneliness to-day  
I, too, can bless His name.

For, oh! my boy in Freedom's cause  
Faced danger's fiery breath,  
And won the crown of Sacrifice  
From his last foeman, Death ;  
He heard the great Commander's call  
His standard still to bear,  
Undaunted stormed the gates of Life,  
And joined His legions there !

I strive to share his joy to-day  
As when he was a lad,  
He shall not see his mother weep  
When his brave heart is glad ;  
He hears our songs of victory,  
His smile is proud and gay,—  
To Love immortal, Peace divine,  
My boy has led the way !

## The Tay Bridge.

**O**N through the storm ! The rushing, swaying  
train

Chased by the demon winds and mad with fear,  
Up to the cold, white moon that will not hear  
Sends shrieks for pity as it flies in pain.

On through the night ! The iron sinews strain  
Freighted with human lives—the Firth is near,  
And in the tempest surging wild and drear  
The wind-swept waters warning shout in vain.

On to the Bridge ! The giant girders groan,  
They tremble—fall !—then under the wide sky  
No trace of aught but ruin, and the moan  
Of waves that roll o'er death and agony.

Bright hopes ! fair dreams !—was it for this alone  
Ye blossomed in the hearts that silent lie ?



## At Rest.

*February 2nd, 1901.*

**T**OLL, mournful bells of requiem, solemn, slow!  
Roll, muffled drums, around a royal bier!  
Boom, sullen guns, in whose dull sound we hear  
The heart-beats of a nation dumb with woe.  
Sweep on, great pageantry of gloom, and show  
The sorrowing world how Britain's sons revere  
Their Empress-Queen, and hold their Mother dear.  
Toll, mournful bells! With tears they lay her low!

Farewell, farewell to her whose noble life  
Apart, yet compassed by the cares of State,  
Was strong to win fair Peace from bitter strife,  
And swift to comfort hearts made desolate.  
Toll, solemn bells! By all her people blessed,  
Victoria, our Queen, is laid to rest!

## London.

**M**YSTERIOUS city! In thy depths concealed  
The battle-ground of all the world's Despair—  
Against all Hope,—of Sin against all prayer!  
Amidst thy gloom with cruel wounds unhealed  
The vanquished faint upon the deadly field,  
While close beside them, crowned with garlands fair  
The victors feast with song and laughter there  
Nor heed if Death their brothers' doom has sealed.

And yet, great City, cradled on thy breast  
A gift of God,—fair Charity is thine.  
Behold! she comes with brow of beauty blessed,  
And tender eyes that through the darkness shine,—  
To lift the fallen, comfort the distressed,  
And teach the world the power of Love divine.

## Marconi.

**M**ASTER of Magic! Thou whose hand hath  
wrought  
The marvel of the century, and taught  
The all-pervading ether at thy will  
To tremble into utterance, or be still,—  
To bear the swift electrons to and fro  
Vibrant with human words of weal or woe,  
The call for help that thrills the startled air,  
The sigh of love, the sympathy, the prayer.  
To bless, to warn, to save,—what nobler aim  
Than thine shall win the heritage of fame!

Thou who hast dared from Nature's hidden store  
To pluck with fearless hand one secret more,  
Widened the bounds of earth's secure domain  
And given the world fresh heart and hope again,—  
Take in return thy laurels far more fair  
Than conquerors wrest from ruin and despair:  
Death is their crowning, Life thine own shall be  
Who, reverent, hast sought her mystery,  
For, step by step, the path thy feet have trod  
Shall lead Man's spirit, seeking still, to God!

## I never can forget.

**W**HEN first she left me desolate  
My Love in Heaven to-day,  
I cried in anguish, 'Nevermore  
My grief shall pass away!  
Though all men's memories fade and die  
Mine shall be true for aye—  
Oh, Love! reign still within my heart,  
I claim thee mine where'er thou art,  
Till Time shall cease and Life depart  
I never can forget!'

I kept within my inmost soul  
Her image, pure, serene,  
But soon the days, the months, the years  
Rose up like mist between.  
Death took my Love, but Time would steal  
All trace of what had been;  
A cloud fell o'er her gentle grace,  
A shadow crept into her place—  
But still I cried, 'Oh, Love, thy face  
I never can forget!'

## I NEVER CAN FORGET.

Oh, Memory, too weak and frail  
To guard thy dearest prize !  
I bade thee keep my darling's smile,  
Her voice, her tender eyes,  
But slowly, slowly still they fade  
Like dreams of Paradise.  
Oh, crown of grief! oh, deepest pain !  
The heart that loves must lose again,  
And whilst forgetting, cry in vain—  
' I never can forget !'



## Across the Gulf.

**W**HERE the great cataract, Niagara, fills  
The air with mist, the earth with shuddering  
sound,

A winding path leads to the utmost verge  
And down the steep a narrow stair is flung,  
Confronting in its fragile nothingness  
The world of hurling waters. There, alone,  
A blind girl stands. As on the dizzy brink  
Of Alpine heights, a snowdrop half afraid  
Hangs trembling petals o'er the dark abyss  
White-robed she bends above the roaring gulf  
And clasps with timid hands the slender rail  
That guards the deep descent. A pale, sweet face  
Upraised to wonders that she cannot see,  
And tremulous with passionate despair,  
Half-parted lips that in their tender curves  
Droop mournfully, and heavy lashes wet  
With sad and hopeless tears.

Before her sweeps  
The crystal glory rounding from the rock  
And melting into mists of pearl and rose.

## ACROSS THE GULF.

A thousand changing tints of opal light,  
Bright magic blossoms of the sunlit wave,  
Flash upward in their flights of fairy bloom  
Like garlands tossed in triumph to the sky.  
Higher and higher in showers of starry spray  
Till one wild leap flings to the farthest crag  
Its vivid splendour, and across the foam  
There glows a rainbow arch of victory !

But not for her the beauty or the power,  
She hears the sound of mighty harmonies  
And vainly pictures the Unseen. And yet  
Not hers, not hers the pain that wrings the heart  
Of one who gazes on her sightless eyes,  
And knows not why the kind, the cruel world  
Holds Blindness and Niagara !

So stands

The soul who comes at last to that dim verge  
Where Reason falters and where Science fails,  
These were his chosen guides who led him far  
Down shadowy vistas of the shrouded past  
Through myriad forms of faint, primeval life  
Back to the great First Cause,—a step, and then  
He hears the waters of Eternity  
Sounding mysterious music through the night,  
He trembles on the verge of the Unknown,—  
The Darkness closes round him—he is blind !

## ACROSS THE GULF.

Oh, Light of faith ! touch thou his closed eyes,  
And lo ! the vision of a rainbow flung  
Across the viewless depths of Time and Space,—  
A sacramental splendour set aloft  
In sevenfold glory, mystical, divine,  
To span the gulf that lies 'twixt God and Man !

## Eagle Pass.

(*Rocky Mountains.*)

‘**T**HERE is no Pass,’ he said dismayed,  
As still through hours of toil they found  
Each side the valley’s solemn shade  
The mighty mountains close them round.

‘A thousand sentries guard the keep  
Of Nature’s fortress, towering high,  
From granite wall and frowning steep  
They sternly bid us halt, or die !

‘Our labour vain, no human art  
Can pierce these ramparts—let us go.’  
Thus spoke the Chief, and, sad at heart,  
They turned with sullen steps and slow.

A wind exultant swept the glen,  
The pine-trees’ giant branches threw  
Behind the weary, baffled men,  
Strange mocking gestures of adieu.

## EAGLE PASS.

Above, from peak to peak, there gleamed  
The signal fires of victory won,  
And from the highest summits streamed  
The crimson banners of the sun.

Defiant rose each height sublime,  
For who is Man that he should dare  
To storm the citadels of Time,  
And plant his puny standard there !

Around them softly fell the night  
O'er purple hills and forests grey,  
Save where the glacier's cold blue light  
Caught the last spark of dying day.

Below, the brooding twilight slept,  
And downward through the darkening trail  
The little band in silence crept  
Through shadows of the lonely vale.

An Empire's hope, a Nation's dream,  
Imperilled by their fruitless quest—  
Around the camp-fire's ruddy gleam  
That night was hushed the song and jest.

While slumber sealed their weary eyes,  
The Chief, alone, at break of day,  
With spirit still unconquered tries  
Each tangled path, each winding way.

## EAGLE PASS.

A moment from his task beguiled,  
He marks an eagle, flying low,  
And plunging deeper in the wild  
He follows o'er the trackless snow.

A devious flight—a flash of wings  
Against a dark and rugged wall,  
A sudden swerve—and loudly rings  
The hunter's clear, exultant call!

The cliffs divide—a deep ravine  
Pierces the mountain's hoary breast,  
The shining valley curves between—  
A sunlit pathway to the West.

He stands entranced in rapture deep—  
In dreams his dazzled eyes can see  
A great imperial Highway sweep  
Across the land from sea to sea!



## My Song.

'SING,' said the Angel of Joy,  
    'Thou art happy, the skies are clear,  
The pilgrims who fare at thy side  
Have need of thy song and thy cheer.'  
I heeded him not, for my soul  
Bent low at a hidden shrine,  
I saw but the grace of Love's dear face,  
I heard but his voice divine.

'Sing,' said the Angel of Pain,  
    'Thou art weary, the path is long,  
Thy comrades who faint by the way  
Shall listen, and learn, and be strong.'  
I heeded him not, for my life  
Was empty of song and of prayer,  
'Alone, alone!' my heart made moan  
In the depths of its dull despair.

'Sing,' said the Angel of Faith,  
    'For sorrow and joy pass by,  
Love is eternal and Death a dream  
That will melt in the morning sky.'  
I strove, but my voice was dumb,—  
'Touch Thou my lips with flame!'  
Unto God I cried,—but the Song had died  
That He gave me to praise His name.

## The Villanelle.

**T**HE woodnymph Echo's fairy spell  
Her lingering tones of joy or pain  
First taught Villon the Villanelle.

He sighed entranced, 'Oh, sweetly dwell  
Those notes that weave o'er hill and plain  
The woodnymph Echo's fairy spell!'

Like soft reverberating bell,  
The music of her magic strain  
First taught Villon the Villanelle.

Sad Poet! wouldst thy passion tell?  
Go seek, if all thy verse be vain,  
The woodnymph Echo's fairy spell.

Where lovers meet in leafy dell  
There canst thou hear what sweet refrain  
First taught Villon the Villanelle.

Hark! o'er and o'er,—'I love thee well!'  
Sing, Poet, sing! Take heart again!  
The woodnymph Echo's fairy spell  
First taught Villon the Villanelle!

## Resurgam.

**A** STIR, a struggle beneath the soil,  
A tremor of life begun,  
A blind upspringing of leaf and bud  
Till the air and the light is won,—  
Through stress and darkness, through storm and rain,  
The flower shall find the sun!

A hope, a whisper of Love divine,  
A cry from the earth-bound clod,  
A vague uplifting of heart's desire  
To the stars from the tear-dewed sod,—  
Through loss and sorrow, through doubt and pain,  
The soul shall find its God!

## A Dedication.

*To Lord Dufferin and Ava, 1896.*

WHEN some pale petal, fluttering to our feet,  
    Drifts softly down the balmy breeze of May,  
We know that countless blossoms fair and sweet  
    With fragrance fill the meadows far away,—  
So may this fragile leaf of memory prove  
    That under distant skies, across the sea,  
The fadeless flowers of gratitude and love  
    Still bloom within a nation's heart for thee.

## April.

WHEN skies are grey, when skies are blue,  
She hears two lovers whispering low,  
But which is false and which is true  
How can a timid maiden know?  
Bright Summer, gay and debonair  
Breathed softly, 'Maid, to thee I bring  
These golden hours, these garlands fair,  
If thou wilt own me as thy king!'

'Oh, heed him not,' pale Winter sighed,  
'The flowers he brings thee, rare and sweet,  
I sought beneath my snows to hide  
Till they could blossom at thy feet!'  
'Oh, come, fair maiden, come away,  
And thou shalt Queen of Summer be'—  
'Beware, beware! the merry May  
Shall steal his fickle heart from thee!'

Oh, which shall be her own true knight?  
Uncertain still she stands apart,  
With smiles she turns to Summer bright,  
With tears to Winter's faithful heart,—  
When skies are grey, when skies are blue,  
She hears them whisp'ring soft and low,  
But which is false and which is true,  
How can a timid maiden know?

## Indian Summer.

AS in some Eastern clime when shadows steal  
Within the golden-latticed, fragrant room  
Where dark-eyed maidens string their shining pearls,  
One, fairest of them all, exulting cries  
'Behold a necklet for a Queen!' and lifts  
Their lustrous gleam against the sunset sky,—  
Yet in a moment more rejoicing finds  
A purer cluster still, and lets them fall  
Each separate along the silken thread,  
With soft caress of rosy finger-tips  
That linger at the last,—so smiling stands  
Rich Autumn counting o'er her treasured hours,  
And slowly dropping from reluctant hands  
Far down the swaying, misty strands of time  
The dreamy splendour of these days divine.



## One Christmas Eve.

(*Canada, 1633.*)

**F**ROM all our ancient forests, lakes, and streams:  
A murmur of the past arises still,  
And mingles with the wind that sadly sweeps  
In chill December through the leafless boughs,—  
Clear tones of preaching, wild appealing prayers,  
The moaning of the tortured, and the stern  
Reproving words of priests,—the furious din  
Of savage revelry, and high above them all  
The long sweet cadence of the evening hymn,  
Sung by the martyr with his latest breath.  
But in few words the saddest tale is told,  
Of one who came to these Canadian wilds  
The youngest of his brotherhood, and died  
Feeling that he had toiled and prayed in vain,  
Suffered all things, yet missed the martyr's palm,  
And brought no spirit with him home to God.

' Again the dull crash of the icy boughs  
Upon the birch-bark roof, again the long  
Low wail of winter winds among the trees!  
While near me, in the wigwam's narrow space,  
Dark faces gleam like demons through the smoke  
That the wild storm drives back within our hut ;

## ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

And I, to seek a breath of purer air,  
Press close against the crevices, where still  
Creeps in the stinging blast, and strive to read  
The breviary whose letters seem of blood  
To my scorched eyes. In vain,—the sacred page  
Fades into visions of the dreary past,  
When through the frozen forest day by day  
I struggled onwards with my heavy load  
O'er fallen trunks and matted cedar swamps  
And pathless drifts of snow,—the nightly camp  
When I, alone amidst a savage horde,  
Shrank from their deeds of wanton cruelty,  
And vainly strove to raise a pleading voice  
Above the sorcerer's din of dance and drum.  
And now amongst them still I daily toil  
In loneliness and peril,—yet I know  
Thy will, oh, God! hath led me to these wilds,  
And so,—I am content.

‘ I look around

Where stretched in slumber deep the Indians lie,  
Muttering amongst their dogs in dreams of war,—  
If only one of these I could have taught  
To love Thee, I would feel my labours crowned  
With benediction,—but no light from Heaven  
Fell on the weary months that bring to-night  
The Eve of Christmas.

## ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

‘Yesterday they came  
Back from the chase with empty hands and dark  
Stern faces pinched with hunger, and they cried  
To me that if my faith indeed were strong  
To bring them food, they would believe and pray.  
And so, with trembling heart, I sent them forth  
This morn, and thought my supplication heard  
When tall and dark against the sunset sky  
I saw them stride towards me, dragging slow  
A mighty moose across the reddened snow.  
But soon amidst their revelry arose  
Fresh jeers and insults, and again I knew  
My hopes and prayers had ended in despair,  
My life in nothingness.

‘Now, fainter grown,  
I ask my God if it is all in vain,  
Shall I not teach one soul to worship Him,—  
I, who have given all,—since in fair France  
Among the sunny slopes and purple vines  
Of my dear home I heard the voice that called,—  
“Leave all thou hast, and come, and follow Me.”

‘Ah, no,—my work is ended, for I feel  
The icy hand of Death upon my heart.  
And here, unworthy of Thy service, Lord,  
Must I in storm and snow and wilderness  
Breathe my last sigh of effort unfulfilled,—

## ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

Forgive, forgive! The hut grows cold and dark—  
A mist is round me,—God! to Thee my soul!’

And so, one night two hundred years ago,  
An humble priest amidst our forests died,—  
Swept suddenly from heights of sacrifice  
As a light leaf that early trembles down  
Before the radiance of the autumn gold  
Has crowned its days with beauty. Yet we know  
Nor life nor leaf is wasted, for the soil  
Takes to its heart beneath the winter snow  
Alike the lonely waif that fell too soon,  
And the rich gifts the burning maple sheds  
In glowing triumph of attained desire,  
Drawing from each with subtle chemistry  
The blossoms sweet and starry buds of spring.  
From many a nameless grave shall start and bloom  
The flower of high resolve, and other hearts  
Shall claim it theirs, and other hands shall grasp  
And bear it through the tumult of the world,—  
A consecrated message from the dead,  
Strong to inspire all noble deeds of men.

## The Muir Glacier, Alaska.

I SAILED into the North for many days  
Through magic isles, by stern grey heights that  
stand  
To guard the secrets of that lonely land,  
When sudden down the dim, enchanted ways  
Broke fiery shafts of sunset—through the blaze  
Translucent arches rising on each hand  
The azure depths with rainbow radiance spanned—  
Celestial gates thrown wide to mortal gaze!  
Beyond, a flood of frozen light that hung  
Half veiled in mist across the snow-crowned steep  
Its waves of bright, tumultuous splendour flung  
Deep in the trembling sea! Oh, Memory, keep  
That glorious vision mine until I die—  
A dream divine of worlds beyond the sky!



## Man.

THE Universe baffled his will with legions of  
forces unknown,  
Dumb Laws that in darkness lay hid, yet surrounded  
and claimed him their own,  
Till he rose in his manhood and cried out in anguish  
to earth and to sky,  
'Come forth, mighty Powers unseen, I will fight ye  
and conquer, or die!'  
A child's puny hand against Titans! yet despairing  
he struggled and fought  
Till at last from the crash of the conflict flew a spark  
of electrical Thought,  
The Idea leapt forth from the brain, full armed as  
when Wisdom began,  
And the Forces of Nature were chained like slaves  
to the chariot of Man!



## Motherhood.

THREE Stars awoke in wonder  
The night when Christ was born,  
One blazed in distant splendour  
His pathway to adorn,  
One stood above His Manger  
To shield Him from all scorn ;  
And sinking through the silence  
Within that holy place,  
The Star of Love came softly  
With light of heavenly grace,  
That He midst earthly darkness  
Might see His Mother's face.

The Star in space unfathomed  
That lit His pathway clear,—  
The Star that stood amazèd  
Above His dwelling here,  
Still radiant in the heavens  
All glorious appear ;

But the Star of Love immortal  
Forsook its native skies,  
And shines in happy homes of earth  
As once in Mary's eyes,—  
To bless each mother and each child  
With light from Paradise !

## Cradle Song.

SWEETLY flows the crystal stream,  
Dream, Baby, dream,  
Stars of twilight softly gleam,  
Dream, Baby, dream.  
Faintly falls the wild bird's note,  
Gently rocks the fairy boat,  
Down by flowery banks we float,  
Dream, Baby, dream.

Down to the sea of slumber deep,  
Dream, Baby, dream,  
Whose secrets still the Angels keep,  
Dream, Baby, dream.  
No dreams shall come to those tranquil skies,  
No stars shall shine but the tender eyes  
That watch thee, darling, from Paradise,  
Dream, Baby, dream.

## Canada.

**I**N forest shades, where Pan's sweet pipes are  
playing,  
Queen of the Year's gay tournament she stands,  
Fair Youth and Hope attend her, softly laying  
The Future's opening blossoms in her hands.  
Each gallant knight her favour doth entreat  
That he may cast his laurels at her feet.

In vain the bright young Spring in accents tender  
Whispered low words of sweet and dawning love,  
Showered around her gleams of fitful splendour,  
And bade a clearer azure shine above—  
Hung sparkling jewels on her tresses bright,  
And fringed her robe with globes of liquid light ;

In vain he wove sweet wreaths of beauty peerless,  
Of rare pale blossoms tinged with faintest flush,  
Her radiant eyes still shone undimmed and fearless,  
Not all his gifts could wake one fleeting blush.  
A tender smile she gave his sad farewell—  
He whom she loves must weave a stronger spell !

## CANADA.

Then Summer came with fragrant, glowing treasure,  
And flung his crimson roses at her feet,  
In dreamy music breathed of joy and pleasure,  
And steeped the golden air in languor sweet—  
Yet through the subtle spell, the soft disguise,  
Impatient lightnings swept the sultry skies.

She heard him not, in vain her lover's pleading,  
Now sweet and low, now wild and tempest-torn,  
Her calm pure eyes gazed on, serene, unheeding  
The lesser love she could not choose but scorn—  
In steadfast faith, though storms should darken o'er,  
He whom she loves must stand for evermore!

The warrior Autumn came in buckler shining  
Bearing rich spoil of many a conquered field,  
Great drooping sheaves with crimson ivy twining  
And clustered fruit on his uplifted shield—  
Amber and purple, splashed with ruby light  
Of languorous poppies, dreaming of the night.

He shed a golden mist of tender meaning  
Around the loveliness it could not hide,  
And through the mystic glow of sunset leaning  
Crowns her with Maple leaves, a royal bride—  
The gift is dear, yet she his prayer denies,  
He whom she loves must bring a nobler prize.

## CANADA.

But ere the Autumn, roused from happy dreaming  
Had breathed his last sad sigh of wild despair,  
There came a knight in silver armour gleaming,  
With azure eyes like depths of cloudless air,  
Low at her feet his fairy gifts he threw—  
Frail flowers of light and stars of frozen dew.

A snowy veil he wove with touches tender  
To shield her beauty from the Frost King's sight,  
Shook from auroral skies their streaming splendour,  
And canopied her throne with ambient light.  
Crowned with his love and roses in her hands  
Queen of the Year's gay tournament she stands!

## The Ship.

THE ruddy forges flash and glow,  
The iron rings with many a blow,  
The sturdy toilers laugh, 'Ho! ho!  
We build a ship to-day.  
The curving oak lies firm and true,  
Great rivets bolt it through and through,  
Strong for the work she has to do  
We build a ship to-day.'

'Strike out the wedge and let her go.  
The waves may roll, the winds may blow,  
The merry builders laugh, 'Ho! ho!  
We launch a ship to-day.  
Old Ocean's billows she shall ride,  
His waves shall bow beneath her pride,  
Her flag shall float o'er every tide,  
We launch a ship to-day.'

Old Ocean heard. Quoth he, 'I'll show  
What waves may roll, what winds may blow.'  
The mighty breakers laugh, 'Ho! ho!  
We sink a ship to-day.  
She dared our empire to defy—  
Ho! ho! a shattered wreck she'll lie,  
Though cowards live and brave men die,  
We sink a ship to-day.'



## Too Soon.

I PLANTED a seed in my garden  
In Spring when the Winter had passed,  
Yet again came the gathering storm-clouds  
And the snow on the breath of the blast,—  
But I said, 'Little seed, oh, be patient,  
Thou wilt waken and blossom at last!'

I whispered a word to my darling,  
She smiled and old sorrows fled fast,  
Yet again came a tempest of weeping  
As she thought of the desolate past,—  
But I said to my heart, 'Oh, be patient,  
She will listen and love thee at last!'

## Gold and Grey.

**G**OLD is the sunset's heart of fire  
That rosy clouds enfold,  
And gold the butterfly wings that drift  
O'er the lilies' chalice gold,  
Through a golden haze of rapture swings  
The earth to a joyful tune,  
And my love's gold tresses gleam and dance  
Through the golden days of June.

Grey is the sky of twilight dim,  
And grey the mists that creep  
O'er the silent sea of memory,  
Where the grey ghosts glide and weep.  
The grey old earth rolls slowly on  
Through dreary space alone,  
And my love's gold tresses hidden lie  
Beneath the cold grey stone.

## Dawn.

**W**HEN Dawn first breaks through darkness  
    deep  
From struggling vapours born,  
And softly steal o'er flowers asleep  
    The first pure rays of morn,  
We know that soon the glory bright  
    Will sweep all shades away,  
As the sun-god springs in his glowing might  
    Up the blue of the perfect day.  
Oh, doubting heart! while you repine,  
    The dreary night is past,—  
Behold! the heavens in splendour shine,  
    The dawn is here at last!

## Credo.

**T**HROUGH dim cathedral shadows  
A flood of music swells,  
Now loud as thunder pealing,  
Now sweet as silver bells,  
Above each crimson casement,  
Through fretted arch and shrine,  
The mighty sound is rolling  
In harmony divine.

‘Credo in unum Deum!’  
A single voice we hear  
That rises through the chorus  
Sustained and pure and clear ;  
Upborne in joy triumphant  
Above the organ’s tone,  
It floats upon the music  
As though it sang alone.

The world sweeps on for ever  
To Life’s great organ-tones,  
Earth’s myriad voices blending  
Peal from its rolling zones ;  
Songs of exultant Science,  
Pæans of Progress won,  
The low and muttering thunder  
Of Labour’s march begun,—

## CREDO.

Sighs of the heavy-burdened,  
Songs of the gay and free,  
The mad, despairing laughter  
That mocks at Fate's decree,  
Babble of giddy pleasure  
That dances o'er the tomb,  
And warning tones unheeded  
That preach the hour of doom ;

All sounds of joy and sorrow,  
Rejoicings, clash of wars,  
Meet in the mighty chorus  
That rises to the stars ;  
Yet purer, sweeter, clearer  
One strain is borne above  
The warrior's shout of freedom,  
The poet's song of love,—

'Credo in unum Deum !'  
It rises night and day  
From countless holy altars,  
From souls that hope and pray ;  
Man's spirit, earth-disdaining,  
In glorious vision soars  
Where senses, sight, forgetting,  
He knows and he adores !

## CREDO.

Oh, voice of Faith triumphant !  
Still raise that great refrain,  
Though Heaven seems far and empty  
Through clouds of doubt and pain ;  
Oh, hearts that Death's cold sceptre  
Is touching one by one,  
Sing on of life immortal  
And joy beyond the sun !

When hushed Earth's mighty music  
And mute her songs of pride,  
When wealth and fame have perished  
With gods they glorified,  
' Credo in unum Deum '  
Shall sound when darkness hurls  
His bolt, eternal silence,  
Upon the wreck of worlds !



## In After Years.

'OUR Mother sleeps,' with tender care  
The whispering children say,  
'Oh, wake her not! to us she gave  
The long, long summer's day.'  
And little hands the curtains close  
To dim the sunset's glow,  
And little voices hush their play  
In murmurs sweet and low.

'Our Mother sleeps,' in after years  
Once more we sadly say,  
'Oh, call her not from her sweet rest  
To Life's long, weary day.'  
We strive to check each rising tear,  
And still our lonely sighs,  
Lest she her children's grief should hear,  
And mourn in Paradise.

## De Profundis.

**I**NTO the silence of the vast unknown  
From tender care a life beloved has passed,  
And those who watched now stand around the bier  
Where one is kneeling, faithful to the last.  
As in a dream she hears them—‘ Life is fled,  
Let us go hence—alas, now she is dead,  
Of what avail thy prayer ?

‘ For this thy dear one hast thou prayed till now,  
But when the spirit goeth forth alone  
Into the land of shadows, thou must leave  
Its welfare then to Heaven—seek thine own.  
Thy love was strong to guard from earthly gloom,  
It cannot pierce the darkness of the tomb,  
God will not hear thy prayer.

‘ For while thou asked that she might be forgiven  
If she had erred in aught, the summons came ;  
Victorious Death hath swept thy words from Heaven,  
Thy duty once has now become thy blame—  
“ Peace to thy soul ” to whisper now is sin,  
The gates have closed where she has entered in  
Against thee and thy prayer.

## DE PROFUNDIS.

‘ Then say farewell, thou canst do nothing more,  
Thy grief is useless, and thy pleadings vain.’  
They turned away, but she who knelt beside  
Bowed low her head and murmured yet again :  
‘ Oh, God ! I cannot follow—cannot see ;  
Send Thou, to guard and guide her home to Thee,  
Thine angels, Love and Prayer.

‘ For rising from the depths of human tears  
As shining mists from oceans drawn unseen,  
Thy mercy as a golden cloud enfolds  
Earth, Heaven, and that dim land which lies between.  
Oh, dearest one ! though now we are apart,  
Through God I reach thee, wheresoe’er thou art,  
And He will hear my prayer.’

## A Modern Knight.

**I** GO not forth to fight for thee  
Like those brave knights of old,  
Who wore their ladye's favour set  
On crests of burnished gold ;  
But when the cruel blows of Fate  
Through life fall thick and fast,  
My arm shall shield thee, dearest one,  
And guard thee to the last !

I go not forth to sing of thee,  
Thy beauty and thy fame,  
As poets' praises filled the world  
With one belovèd name ;  
But, oh, when Fame and Glory fade,  
When youth and joy are past,  
My faithful heart shall worship still,  
And love thee to the last !

## The Hour has come.

**T**HE hour has come! I fight no more,  
I yield me to the foe,  
Think not, oh, Death, I dread thy call  
That summons me to go.  
Disarmed and weak, by thee o'erthrown,  
At last I conquered lie,  
But yet my dauntless soul can dare  
Thine empire to defy!

My spirit still a spark divine  
That thou canst never slay,  
Secure amidst the crash of worlds  
Shall wait the Eternal Day,  
Through darkest night it shall not fear,  
Though sun and stars grow dim,—  
From God it came, and safe at last  
Shall it return to Him!

## The Spirit of the Carnival.

**F**LING out the flaunting banners,  
The crimson roses fling,  
Make way, make way, Signori,  
For merriment is king!  
Fly faster, maddened horses,  
Through din of trumpet loud,  
Crash down the dusty Corso,  
Cheered by the frantic crowd.

Sweep onward, gaudy pageant,  
In wild, uproarious glee,  
Dark goblins, elves fantastic,  
Strange shapes from land and sea.  
Wave high the flaming torches!  
Clang loud the brazen bells!  
The great enchanter, Carnival,  
Hath Rome within his spells.

Weary of heat and clamour,  
A young Italian lay  
Beneath the ilex shadow  
When closed the burning day,  
Faint as his faded garlands  
His drowsy eyelids seem,  
The Spirit of the Carnival  
Is calling in his dream.



## THE SPIRIT OF THE CARNIVAL.

‘Awake, oh, Youth! Arouse thee,  
And follow where I lead,  
I know thine ardent nature,  
Thy truth of word and deed ;  
Leave all the gilded folly,  
The childish pranks and play,  
This motley crowd of mummers  
Fits not thy holiday.

‘Arise! I, too, have lingered  
To laugh and jest awhile,  
But as a king may pause to greet  
A wilful beauty’s smile,  
Yet guardeth ever in his heart  
An image pure and fair,  
And hastening homewards to his Queen  
Finds life and love are there.

‘So follow, follow where I lead  
Across the western sea,  
There shalt thou learn thy manhood’s might  
From farce and folly free.’  
The youth sighed in his sleep—his soul  
Obeyed the strange command,  
The great Enchanter, Carnival,  
Still led him by the hand ;

## THE SPIRIT OF THE CARNIVAL.

And soon the groves of olives  
Dissolve in twilight grey,  
The dim, blue shores of Italy  
Have faded far away,  
Fresh draughts of life inhaling  
Where northern breezes blow,  
A city lies before him—  
The City of the Snow.

Like jewels brightly burning  
Upon a silver band  
Her festal fires are flaming  
Across the moonlit land,  
He sees her stately spires,  
Her towers traced in light,  
He hears the sleighbells ringing  
Sweet music through the night.

‘Behold!’ the Enchanter whispered,  
‘Gaze on and thou shalt see  
Why Canada my kingdom,  
My chosen home should be,  
Here all my sports and merriment  
To noble ends allied,  
Teach manly strength and fortitude,  
A nation’s truest pride.’

## THE SPIRIT OF THE CARNIVAL.

The people keep high festival !  
The clear, cold air like wine  
Quickens each pulse to bounding glee,  
Bright eyes with gladness shine,  
With merry laughter following fast  
From summits far and nigh,  
White-wingèd petrels of the snow,  
The swift toboggans fly.

Gaze on, oh, dreamer ! Thou shalt see  
A fairy palace rise,  
Seeming of mist and moonbeams born,  
Or poet's fantasies,  
Within it throbs a soul of fire  
That glows through every part,  
Softly as shines the light of love  
Within a maiden's heart.

A moment, and the magic scene  
Grows strangely bright as day,  
To arms ! the foeman storms the gate—  
Oh, guard it while ye may !  
Hurrah ! the rockets leap aloft,  
The crimson watch-fires flare—  
A rainbow shower of golden stars  
Breaks into glory there !

## THE SPIRIT OF THE CARNIVAL.

Afar on yonder mountain-side  
A chain of living light !  
Each link a son of Canada  
With torch that blazes bright—  
A jewelled Order proudly flung  
On old Mount Royal's breast,  
A starry circlet from the skies  
Dropped on his snowy crest.

Then lights and city faded,  
And the dreamer woke at last—  
Round him hung the old-world languor,  
Faint with memories of the past,  
But his spirit glowed within him  
And he left the careless throng,  
Lived and wrought in earnest fashion,  
Toil or pastime, brave and strong.

So may faint hearts ever gather  
From Canadian sports and play,  
Something of the force that, working,  
Hewed the forest, cleared the way.  
Strong the roots and wide the branches  
When the leaves dance in the sun,  
And the pleasure turns to glory  
When the game is fought, and won !

## THE SPIRIT OF THE CARNIVAL.

Now Carnival no longer wears  
The bells as Fancy's fool,  
He is a king whose subjects free  
Are loyal to his rule ;  
Each merry heart beats true and fast  
And knows amidst his play,  
To-morrow he can meet the foe,  
Who tries his strength to-day.

Then guard it well, fair Canada,  
Thy Festival of Snow,  
Proving old Winter, stern and grim,  
Thy friend and not thy foe ;  
And may thy sons build steadfastly  
A Nation great and free,  
Whose vast foundations stronger grow  
From mighty sea to sea.

Long may Canadians bear thy name  
In unity and pride,  
Their progress, like thy rushing streams  
Roll a resistless tide ;  
Their hearts be tender as the flowers  
That o'er thy valleys grow,  
Their courage rugged as thy frost  
When winds of winter blow—  
Their honour cloudless as thy skies,  
And stainless as thy snow !

## Sweet Wind of Eve.

*(From the French.)*

SWEET wind of eve! around my window playing,  
With blue forget-me-nots and roses crimson  
blown,  
Oh, fragrant, fluttering breeze! perchance amid thy  
straying  
Thou'lt wander where my dreams, my fonder  
thoughts are flown!

Sweet wind of eve! oh, may thy soft caresses,  
Thy purest sighs of love still breathe around her  
there,  
On her fair neck of snow unroll her shining tresses,  
And happy, faint and die, amid her golden hair.

Sweet wind of eve! oh, whisper to her sleeping  
In murm'ring music low, thy dreamy melody,  
While I, in tears and prayers, my lonely vigil  
keeping,  
In darkness kneel, and sing of her so far from me.



## Ninon.

*(From the French, for Tosti's music.)*

**N**INON, Ninon, the hours are swiftly flying,  
The moments pass and day still follows day,  
Roses will die when autumn winds are sighing,  
How canst thou live and love not, Ninon, say?

To cross life's stormy sea, Ninon, dost thou not fear?  
Ah, never a star hast thou to guide thee or to cheer,—  
No music sounds for thee above the tempest's roar,—  
Thou who hast never loved, canst venture more?  
Oh! I would venture all for Love's bright crown of  
glory,  
Or, unloved,—cry aloud for Death to end the story,  
to end the story!

Ninon, Ninon, the hours are swiftly flying,  
The moments pass and day still follows day,  
Roses will die when autumn winds are sighing,  
How canst thou live and love not, Ninon, say?

## NINON.

What though the hour of rapture sweet returneth  
never!

Thou hast lived, thou hast loved,—Love endureth  
for ever!

Thou hast lived, thou hast loved, Love endureth  
for ever!

Ninon, Ninon, what is thy fate to be?

How canst thou live, since Love dwells not with thee?

## Grandmother's Dream.

YOU lay your bright head on my pillow,  
My darling, with curls of gold,  
You beg for a beautiful story,  
Alas! all my stories are told;  
Last night all the sweet dream-children  
We love so well, you and I,  
Came softly to me in the moonlight  
And sang me a last good-bye.

I saw all the dear little faces  
Come thronging around my bed;  
There was one with a wreath of daisies,  
And one with a hood of red;  
Fair Cinderella came dancing  
With Goldilocks, hand in hand,  
And little Bo-peep was playing  
With Alice from Wonderland.

Back again to the days of my childhood  
I wandered with them away,  
Forgot all the years of sorrow,  
Forgot I was old and grey;  
But then they vanished, my darling,  
And I am so weary grown  
That I can never recall them  
From the shadows where they are flown.

## GRANDMOTHER'S DREAM.

So I have no tale, dear, to tell you,  
Perhaps I shall dream to-night  
Of youth that forever is changeless,  
Of skies that are always bright.  
But now I must sleep, oh, my darling,  
Good-night to the world and you,  
Perhaps I shall find in my slumbers  
A beautiful story come true!

## Song.

(*When Sylvia sighs.*)

WHEN Sylvia sighs a twilight grey  
Steals softly o'er my heart,  
And dim forebodings of a day  
When we may be apart,  
Sad visions of a life forlorn  
And sorrows yet to be,  
Faith forsaken and vows forsworn—  
When Sylvia sighs,—ah, me!

Falling leaves that scattered lie,  
Stars that melt in a misty sky,  
Love that fails and hopes that die,—  
When Sylvia sighs,—ah, me!

When Sylvia smiles,—oh, light divine!  
My heart to gladness wakes,  
The earth, the sea, in radiance shine,  
The dawn in glory breaks,—  
I dream of gardens of delight,  
Of rapture yet to be,  
The world is fair, the heavens are bright  
When Sylvia smiles on me!

## SONG.

Flowers that bloom and birds that sing,  
The glowing morn, the joyous spring,—  
Hope is a Prophet and Love a King,  
When Sylvia smiles on me !



## Unknown.

THE bitterest griefs in solitude are borne,  
The deepest wounds shrink from the careless  
eye,  
The heart that perfidy has bruised and torn  
In silence strives to hide its misery.  
To lock within a rigid bound the sigh  
That rises wildly from the tortured breast,  
To force the hot, impetuous tear to dry  
Before it fall, and every grief repressed  
To meet the careless, mocking world with smile and  
jest,—

This hast thou borne, and yet,—thou wilt forget !  
There lingers still a sadder fate on earth,  
A lifelong anguish and a dull regret  
That mingles with thine hours of brightest mirth,—  
To know that deep within thee there has birth  
The germ of higher, nobler things,—the power  
To deeply, keenly feel the wondrous worth  
Of what thou mightest be, if but for an hour  
The seed within thy heart could spring and flower

Into more perfect growth,—if thy dull clay  
But once, with giant strength, could cast aside  
The laws of limitation which hold sway  
Within thee, and endowed with loftier pride

## UNKNOWN.

Attain a freedom by thy fate denied,  
Allure by melody of magic rhyme  
Thy glowing thoughts unsung, and all untried,  
Win from the world a heritage sublime  
And Fame that crowns the Immortals, conquerors of  
Time!

Fond dreamer, murmur not,—it cannot be.  
It is not thou alone hast vainly sought  
To give a voice to some fair fantasy,  
To find expression for thy glowing thought,  
The message of thy soul with beauty fraught.  
Ah, in how many silent hearts there dwells  
A dream divine, an inspiration caught  
And prisoned there for ever!—mournful cells  
Where even Death can find but frozen, mute farewells.

Oh, Seers unknown! Before your wistful eyes  
The radiance of a world transfigured streams,  
Around your path a mystic glory lies,  
The flush of dawn, the rose of sunset gleams,  
But when the magic vision brightest seems  
A word, a breath,—it melts into the air!  
No trace remains to prove it aught but dreams,  
No songs of rapture praise what once was fair,—  
No sound,—but voiceless lips, sealed with a dumb  
despair.

## Tenebrae.

*Good Friday. Westminster Cathedral.*

SOLEMNLY, pleadingly, the mournful music  
sighs,

One by one, one by one, each altar taper dies,  
Plaintively, hopelessly, from out the purple gloom  
The wailing voices die away in silence o'er His tomb.  
Fearfully, tremblingly, the last faint light withdrawn,  
My soul in desolation feels no presage of the dawn,  
Before His cross each lingering dream of human  
hope is slain,  
The shuddering world awaits its doom—the Sacrifice  
is vain.

Silently, mournfully, the people kneel and pray.  
A mystic silence deepens, broods—until from far  
away  
There comes a sound, a clamour, while Time stands  
still a space,  
Then breaking through the shadows, a light, a hope,  
a grace !  
Oh, suddenly, oh, joyfully, the song of praise I hear !  
The star of Faith is burning still, undimmed and  
pure and clear !  
Its hidden light shines forth again, my heart shall  
mourn no more,  
Love reigns in Heaven and Christ is risen—I hope  
and I adore !

## Miramar.

WHEN Nature lingering turned to gaze  
On all her labours done,  
And marked each marvel she had wrought  
Of beauty 'neath the sun,  
Ere to her hidden haunts withdrawn,  
She paused to meet the golden dawn  
At Miramar.

For every charm of land or sea  
Her bounteous hand had given  
To many climes, lay smiling there  
Beneath a cloudless heaven,—  
Her parting glance in radiance fell  
On that sweet spot she loved so well,  
Fair Miramar.

A sudden glory clad the hills,  
The flowers bloomed anew,  
The waves leaped flashing to the shore,  
As soft she breathed adieu,  
Yet once again she turned,—‘ Ah, no,  
From thy delights I cannot go,  
Dear Miramar!’

## MIRAMAR.

So we may seek through many lands  
Her footprints day by day,  
And worship at a thousand shrines  
The magic of her sway, —  
But trace her presence where we will  
Her sweetest smile is lingering still  
On Miramar.

## A Song of Kootenay.

(*Klahowa, an Indian greeting.*)

O H, Klahowa, brother mine,  
Greeting from the red man take ;  
Onward speeds my light canoe,  
Twilight dreams upon the lake.  
O'er the shadowy hills afar,  
Hark ! the lingering echoes wake,  
Swiftly paddling pass we by,—  
Soft and sweet the echoes (*oh, Klahowa !*),  
Soft and sweet the echoes die.

Mine the lake and mine the shore,  
Pale-faced stranger, ere you came ;  
Woods and waters, mine no more,  
Still shall breathe the Indian's name.  
Soon my race shall pass away,  
Yet the song of days gone by  
Still shall haunt fair Kootenay,  
And lingering echoes (*oh, Klahowa !*)  
Soft and sweet shall wake, and die !



## Friends.

SHE chose three friends to guide her life,  
As she stood beneath morning skies :  
Bright Wealth, and Fame with his laurel crown,  
And Love with his tender eyes.  
'Oh, well have I chosen!' she cried in joy,  
And true shall my comrades be,  
Wherever I go, in weal or woe,  
They shall follow and comfort me !'

But Death drew near and he whispered low,  
And the maiden rose in fear ;  
'I must go,' she said, 'through the lonely vale,  
Where the shadows are dark and drear.  
So come, my friends, with your radiant smiles,  
And scatter the shades of night'—  
But Wealth drew back as he cried, 'Not I,  
I would stay in the gladsome light !'

But Fame and Love spread their shining wings,  
And bore her through space afar,  
Till they came where the sea of Oblivion rolls  
Past the verge of the last faint star.

## FRIENDS.

Then Fame recoiled from its icy brink,  
For he dared no farther go ;  
'Adieu,' he said, 'for I know you not !'  
And he sank to the earth below.

But Love spread softly his shining wings  
And bore her across the sea,  
And together they passed to their home at last,  
Through the Gates of Eternity.

## A Song of a Ring.

' SWEETHEART, in token of my love  
A ring I'd give to thee,  
Oh, wear this diamond flashing bright  
On thy fair hand,' said he.

' Ah! no,' she sighed, ' a slave has plucked  
That stone from out the mine,  
His tears and misery shall ne'er  
Be linked with gift of thine!'

' Then, dear,' said he, ' this emerald take '—  
' Oh soon I'd weep forlorn,  
The hue the wily serpent wears  
Shall ne'er my hand adorn.'

' A sapphire, maiden, blue as Heaven,  
Shall bind thee to my heart '—

' Blue as the cruel sea,' she said,  
' Whose waves true lovers part!'

' A ruby, glowing bright '—' Oh no,  
It brings a fearful dream,  
Deep in its heart of crimson fire  
I see thy life-blood stream!'

' Then wear this opal, for my sake '—

' I dare not,' shuddered she,  
' Beneath its mystic gleam lies hid  
' A curse for thee and me!'

## THE SONG OF A RING.

- ‘ This spotless pearl,’ he said, ‘ can ne’er  
Misfortune dark foretell ’—
- ‘ ’Tis like a mournful tear,’ she sighed,  
‘ I fear its ghostly spell !’
- ‘ Oh, cruel maid,’ he cried in grief,  
‘ Alas ! and woe is me,  
I cannot tell what ring may bring  
Good luck and joy to thee !
- ‘ Farewell, farewell, thou lovest me not ’—  
Yet, ere he turned away,  
With merry glance and blushes sweet  
The maiden murmured ‘ Stay !’  
But still he sighed, ‘ Thou lovest me not !’  
She smiled his grief to see—
- ‘ Perchance, Sweetheart, ’twere best to try  
A plain gold ring !’ said she.

## The Golden Gates.

‘ I CANNOT pass,’ I sadly said,  
‘ Beyond this Sorrow, mountain high,  
Whose gloomy walls of doubt and dread  
Rise up between me and the sky,  
And yet perchance for me there waits  
Life’s evening glow of peace and rest,  
If I could only find the gates  
That open to the golden West !’

There came a voice that whispered low,  
‘ Take courage still if Hope be done,  
And thy swift feet no longer go  
In gladness towards the setting sun—  
If joy be hidden from thine eyes  
Shut out by heights thou canst not scale,  
Still hast thou Faith to guide thy steps  
And lead thee through the lonely vale.

‘ Oh, follow, follow ! she will lead !  
Dream not of earthly blame or praise,  
Press on thy upward path, nor heed  
The gathering clouds, the thorny ways.

## THE GOLDEN GATES.

The shadows fall, the night is here—  
Fear not, above thee still she springs,  
Her radiant path undimmed and clear,  
The light of Heaven upon her wings!

‘ And if against thy sorrow’s height  
Hurl’d by the swift relentless years,  
One day she vanish from thy sight  
Enshrouded in a mist of tears—  
Oh, follow still the ling’ring gleam  
That cleft the darkness as it passed—  
The golden gateways of thy dream  
Shall open wide for thee at last !’



## The Song of Love.

‘**A**DIEU, Beloved!’ the poet sighed  
To her who lingered near,—  
And Death, with dart uplifted, paused,  
His dying words to hear,—

‘Weep not that I must leave the world,  
It hath no charms for me ;  
I gave it not my sweetest song,  
I sang for only thee.

‘And if they smile in after years  
At my untutored art,  
And deem the notes too simply framed  
That came but from the heart,  
Then let them mock ! my dearest fame  
Shall thy remembrance be ;  
They know not that my sweetest song  
I sang for only thee.

‘But if the laurel wreath of fame  
They bring to deck my grave,  
Who not a leaf in life could spare  
To comfort or to save,  
Then, oh, Beloved ! remember still  
Though I should crownèd be,  
My sweetest song—the Song of Love—  
I sang for only thee.’

## Dainty Dorothea.

OH, fairest one! thy portrait  
Upon the wall I see,  
Across a hundred summers  
Thou smilest down on me,  
Was never modern maiden  
Who wore so sweet an air,  
Eyes full of merry laughter  
And sunny golden hair,  
In gown of flowered satin  
And 'kerchief white and fine—  
Oh, dainty Dorothea,  
I would that thou wert mine!  
Oh, dainty Dorothea,  
I would that thou wert mine.

Perchance when leaves of Autumn  
A hundred times shall fall,  
My portrait too shall hang here  
Within this oaken hall,  
Still shalt thou smile upon me  
With simple, old-world grace,  
And I thine ardent lover  
Gaze still upon thy face ;

## DAINTY DOROTHEA.

Through all the future ages  
Mine eyes shall say to thine,  
Oh, dainty Dorothea,  
I would that thou wert mine!  
Oh, dainty Dorothea,  
I would that thou wert mine!

And when at midnight's hour  
The world is hushed in sleep,  
And through the halls deserted  
The ghosts their revels keep,  
When shadowy knights and ladies  
Glide through the moonlight cold,  
Then shalt thou step demurely  
From out thy frame of gold.  
Be sure I shall not tarry,  
But hasten down from mine,  
Oh, dainty Dorothea,  
To kiss those lips of thine!  
Oh, dainty Dorothea,  
At last shalt thou be mine!

## Immanence.

O H, restless heart of Man !  
Seeking for peace in vain,  
Clinging to each brief joy  
To ease your pain,

Grieving in sore dismay  
To lose each one  
As in your grasp they fade  
Ere set of sun,—

Striving to chase the hours  
That quickly fly,  
Craving a little love  
Before you die,—

Oh, weary, wandering heart !  
Forego your quest,—  
Within, without, around,  
Waits Love, and Rest !

## A Voice from the West.

**I**N dreams I watched the years of Time grown old,  
And saw as in a vision his last days  
Whose garnered wisdom should uplift the world,  
Sink into deepest gloom, his crown of fame  
Darkened by stains of anarchy and crime,  
And stained by mist of tears—his gathered wealth,  
The secrets hardly won from Nature's store,  
Torn from his trembling hands to teach mankind  
The arts of deadlier warfare, fiercer hate.  
And while I gazed the nations drawn apart  
Each in its serried line of battle stood,  
And wrapped in brooding silence, waited still.  
No sight of wrong or stern oppression stirred  
Their mute array, but ever and anon  
A clamour rang in the great market-place  
Where the world's traders met to cry their wares,  
And when the sound of jarring strife arose  
The sullen ranks drew closer, as the clouds  
Grow darker in the muttering of the storm.

Still in my dream the battle lines spread far  
To where in alien lands the earth lay bare  
Of fruitful increase, and the people pined  
In helpless hunger and the stress of woe.

## A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

Strange wailing voices filled the murky air  
Above the crowded cities, where below  
The prisoners of poverty were chained  
In helpless bondage, pent in loathsome dens—  
Men, women, children toiling strove to live  
That they might gain a little space to die.  
And piercing deeper through th' encircling gloom  
I saw the hidden haunts where crime is born  
Of want and misery—where in frenzied hate  
Men pale with passion clutch the murd'rous bomb,  
And women slay the babes upon their breasts  
That they may never know life's cruelty.

'Oh, God!' I cried, 'is there no help, no hand  
To lift Thy children from these depths of woe?  
Behold, now Time is old and worn and grey,  
And we have mocked him, tottering to his doom.  
False are the laurels on his wrinkled brow  
That boast of freedom and of progress won ;  
There is no freedom while these suffer wrong,  
No progress while they sink in dark despair.  
Oh, let him not take with him when he goes  
The records of our deep, undying shame ;  
The story of our great achievements gained  
At cost of human lives, our secrets wrung  
From Nature but to smooth the gilded path  
Of luxury with new and strange device,  
But useless all to guide, to find a way



## A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

To rescue these, Thy children. Time is old,  
And nothing, nothing done to prove us men  
Who love their brethren as Thou didst command.  
I ceased, I could not speak for tears ; and still  
I saw the nations ranged for deadly strife  
Beneath the pall of Death.

But while I watched  
The moaning voices dropped and died away ;  
The air grew strangely still—the setting sun  
Gleamed luridly through vapours that were pale  
And ominous with fear.

Sudden a breath  
A strong fresh breeze from shining shores afar,  
Swept swift across the world. The clouds rolled  
back,  
And all the nations, wondering, turned to gaze.  
There on the utmost verge of that new land  
Whose bounds of empire are alone restrained  
By mighty oceans, rose a radiant form  
Upspringing from the distant heights that hid  
Her resting-place beside the Western sea.  
A veil of mist blown from her sun-bright brow  
Melted among the mountain peaks that stood  
Guarding her presence, and her deep eyes shone  
With joy at her awakening—in their light  
The watchers saw revealed a dawn of hope,  
A dream of possibilities untold

## A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

That woke a thrill of gladness once again  
In hearts grown old with grief.

But as I gazed

Entranced upon her loveliness, there rose  
A strain of heavenly music, sweet and clear—  
The sunset flaming in the golden West  
Crowned her with clouds of splendour as she sang.  
Oh, wondrous melody! I seemed to hear  
The voice of the great mother, Nature, stirred  
With deep compassion, calling to her breast  
The Old World's teeming millions—even these  
Her sad, imprisoned children, knowing not  
The magic of her smile. A strange, sweet song!  
For in its sound all harmonies divine  
Seemed mingled into one—the murmur of the sea  
On distant shores, the sighing of the pines  
In lonely forests, rushing of swift streams  
Down mountain gorges, white with flying foam—  
And wild, exulting winds that sweep above  
A wide, fair land of peace and liberty.

And then through all I heard the varied sounds  
Of human industry set face to face  
With Nature's royal gifts—the drip of nets  
Whose silver salmon glitter in the sun,  
The groaning of the giant trees that fall  
Beneath the woodman's axe, the roar and plunge

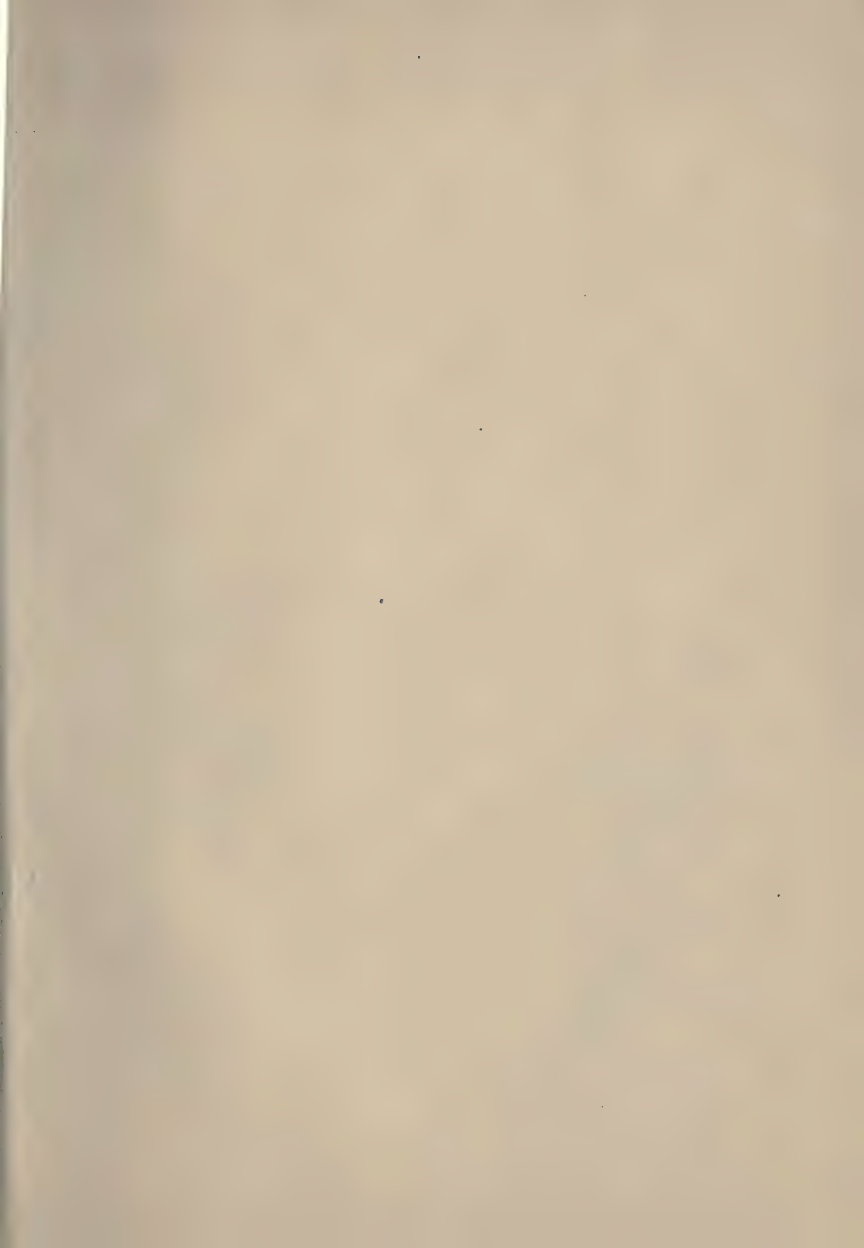
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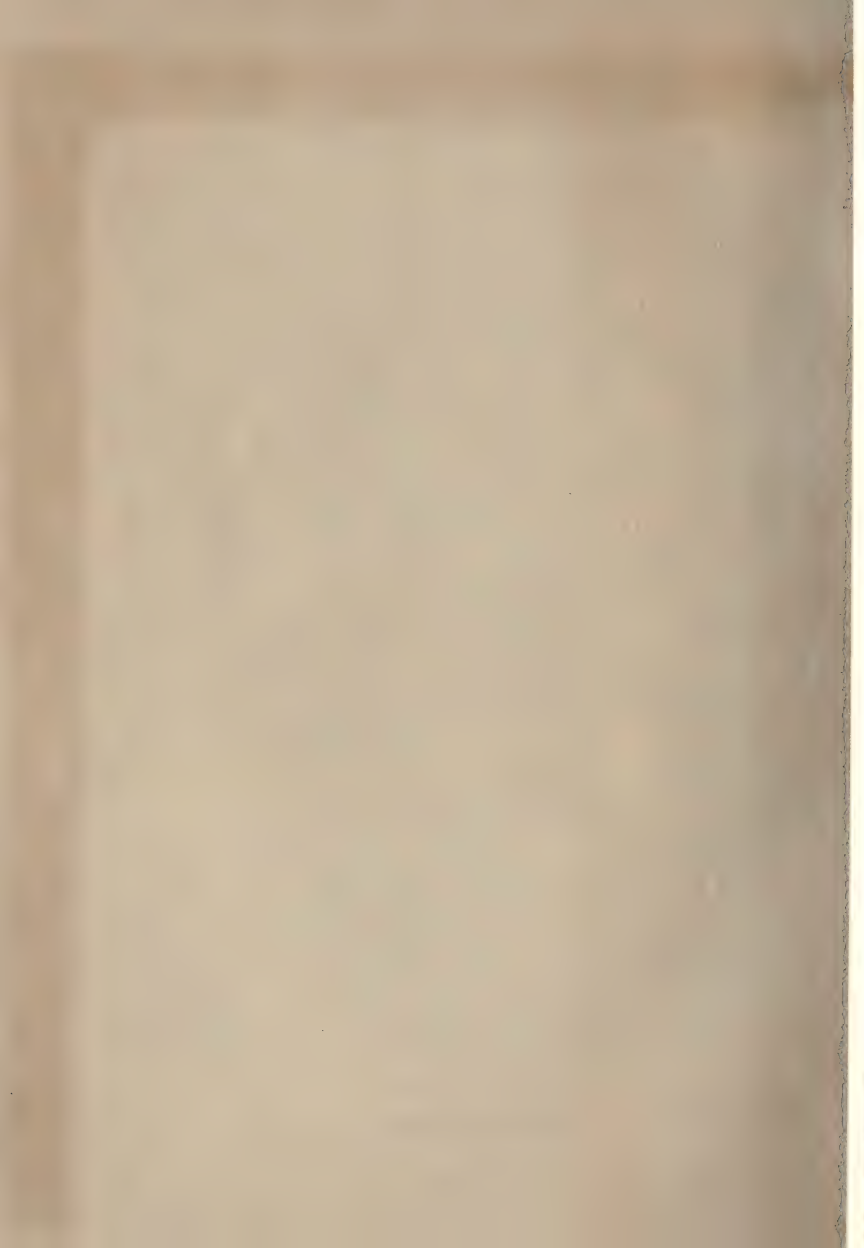
Of mighty timbers rolling from the chutes,  
The ceaseless washing of the golden sands  
That yield their sparkling treasures day by day,  
The sealers' guns among the icy floes,  
The lowing of great herds in grassy vales,  
The hum of mills, and whirr of flying wheels—  
All these deep undertones seemed subtly blent  
Into one song of magic harmony.

But soon the music sank in sweeter strains,  
I heard the tender rustling of the leaves  
In smiling orchards ripening to the sun,  
And whispers of low winds that gently stir  
The golden wheat in peaceful meadow-lands.  
Then borne upon the dying cadence came  
Light laughter of fair children hastening home  
By flowery ways, and through the eventide  
The sound of distant bells that faintly chimed  
Upon the twilight sky.

The song was done.

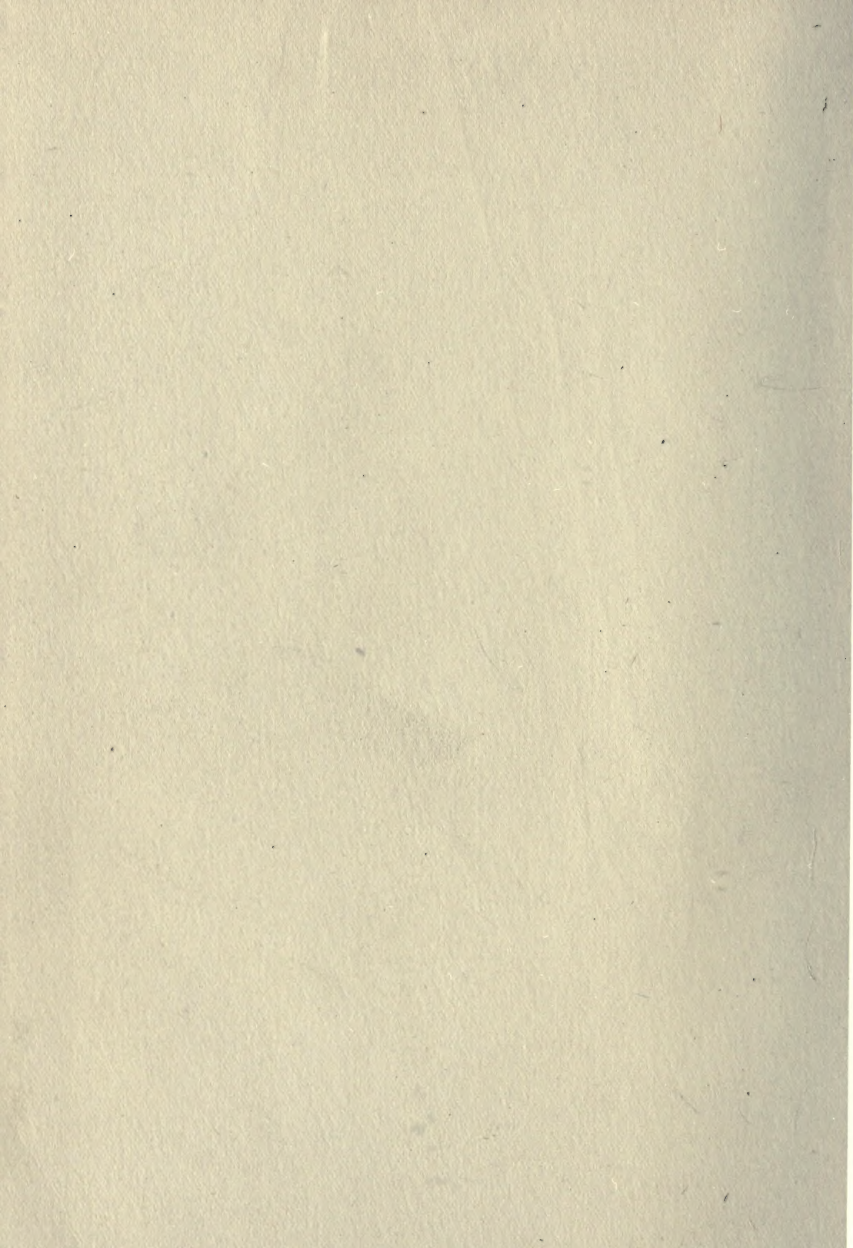
Then softly, slowly rolled the silv'ry mist  
From silent seas, and veiled the radiant form  
Of her who sang, forever from my sight.  
But still the glow of sunset in the West  
Shone bright across the world. Its glory fell  
Where in my dreams Time wandered, weary grown,  
Through mists of memories—and gently laid  
On his scarred brow a light of hope and peace.











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